July 1st 1934

Here and Now.

or

The Dawn

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I said to the flunkey in pearl-blossom trousers: Let me in.
And what d'ye think I found there! A ~~fucking~~ fussy
old man with red cheeks. As he takes
three inches in a silver vase Reveal into your hand
he pees water at passing I saw: over the mantelpiece,
he shall remember them. Old boys who pass their
lives in the theatres. My grandfather was at
Elsom's, I said, taking repast in the mahogany
chair, uncanny as well as I loved – the
flutter of her fat – a hole in my stocking:
But can you write? he said, boys with the
blotchy shapes. Vast sheets of lemon coloured
blotchy shapes ornamented in the corner with
Canterbury's, and he had been doing a fan.
What pedicament have you ever known. Jacket
looking at the shaven. the mouth. the mutton fat,
rosy jelly, brandy –
He was asked for, very politely what he would do for pa.'
Send Bobby: this well known Editor.
And all the time we there was the humming of
reaching. And the boys coming with
glossy sheets in were legs. Pardon me a
moment he said, raising his eye glasses. He
made a note in the margin.
~~He~~ I said, I can't thinly look a week because she
few my hair, I repeated. Cabby my eye up. my
eyes down, in the moment. Actual te-
rrent of my great grandmother, the the
nodded at the silhouette – who came down
the marble steps at dawn. carcass under a
mantle hastening the wages of a upon sleep
with a duke – on record: which,
has been used to pay for Bobby
Always hope you. . .

on the Car
from the pier.
Crushed on the
gravel

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and he asked for if you had any experience of
journalism," said George. He began to enjoy the scene, for
as the were a spectator: in a bothered solicitor and
great newspaper confronted by the demand for work
by Clarence, such a task in his directory, for work.
"No!" said the contemned, no training, no education. not
a letter to my name, my lord Duke." Repeating he eagerly
took the burden on rong. But the Duke in my
heart. When ah- he said, tapping his gold
pencil on the blotting paper, reading me visited to the
women cantinent, in Marlane, one
Mrs Potts.. He sent you on to another department" said Clare.—
Where they deal with Iron Steam in Table cloths.
how to perish in latter; L — the work the
newspaper calling — Lady Agatha had chosen
a siege hat he wear with her bridesmaid
green.

She picked up a theatrical paper. closely
written;
"I am like Star kept clothed in rounds... the road
work) thank you were damned lucky to retain
Job, said George.
"D'you know many members of the aristocracy by sight?"
read Mrs Potts. D'~~you talk much about~~
a homely body. But confident, very. No
one country shower he work my since the
beckoned: Said he, as one woman to
another, you get much out of Mother Becker eh!
And again) I'd like with about the Editor
goth & eggs in basket. Than the- Kind of
~~bathroom~~ did Mathewcare come before
Dr Hayden was die? he
work!

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further along the passage, I closed door on the right - I touched the bell.

"Here we go on to another department," said Jorge: "where they deal with even stains on tablecloths, how to get ink on baths, & Lady Cynthea looking lovely in cream coloured straw."

Well madam, I said, coming down on the edge of a chair beside them Potts, a Porter - Every word was followed on Potts & breast a Porter bosom -

Let call her Potts, said, Jorge: a last the Cynthea But there was an air of frequent confidence about her to which the name is scarcely applicable -

Pelli-pew then, Jorge volunteered,

for Pelli-pew. Potts, a Pelt said to me, with a wink at the door, Remember Jeanette, remember Quarterly: to whom I replied, as ~~to~~ ~~all~~ to mother Proctor: to whom I replied, I we made a deal of it: I prayed with what was probably true, I'd rather work, than how to let cross stains out of table cloths than that memorial marble-eyed remember me of Proust." The Jews in the bath. The jammed. The bell tolled.

Now how was apart true! Jorge asked kindly. The head certainly cut out a long strip from some fashion paper. Certainly also, the Jew was in the bath. He had pulled up the plug & the water was running away; He suddenly laughed; for a moment he had a wild to you see where were a stain, line of Grace round the edge. and the bodies were rosolid enough. There was a dismal lugubrious appearance on the walls of very bathroom in a stable, & a hen clucking about on the straw. The

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But whether how far she had done what she described, he did not know. and she had done, he did not know. Perhaps she did not know herself, he thought.
But she looked up.
~~If I were Lord Chancellor~~, she remarked, I should make it ~~illegal to be a lover~~ " she remarked:
~~Every lecturer, every preacher, every~~
The year in my hate.
Perhaps nobody knew.
The year in his hate for. the obscene;
But he doesn't have the common. merely to say.
She meant that the asshole the man thinking only
worker for money. he returned.
~~also those four pictures, she suggested.~~
Elevator/the picture
~~What we~~ — to write about Cultured talk about
literature, as to like the ~~her~~ ~~hers~~ women
lovers of/whether how to set vase flower
table cloth? Perhaps. It was more to
love as an educated man, with a love of art
letter, than to working persons,
last year wrote for money, than to
And always more to cover it up with
fine phrases about love of literature: Only
perhaps the poor dead did love literature.
or money or whatever always. But always
certainly that the love of literature was the
only motive: These weekly articles by
distinguished remarkable letter from this
Different. the whole business of course very
deplorable. He thought a man
year on year after year paid pitiful.
But then they had to live. He thought the
struggle there was to become one of these ladders: how
they made to the poor: ~~how~~ & the

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claims they made for themselves: & the cosy jobs they got.
Well such all that was the way of the world, & there
was no good fighting against it. If people only
wrote when they had something to say, if they only
taught when they had knowledge to give, ... if
that, then, how many artists are left (in the average man,
must be a wizard of lie-telling, a money-making
or artist of truth misleading: became it must be
one of money making
Clarissa had gone back to the book;
woman.. ~~Good~~ for the average
~~to~~ that she had dropped - the way
flicking over the pages; the way dipping, diving;
she was caught with the same machine: the blood raged,
the untrained hand - he remembered he remembered
the phrases; ~~they~~ meant he muttered, that
in some vague way that the feeble lonely
which inhibited to something vague (ending
a helper; that the ~~the~~ lies better to live than to
take! better to remain outside the patriarchy -
that is the hierarchy of organized society,
than to accept membership. better to be like
Eleanor than Edward; better to remain
obscure, unpaid, submitting as a negro
allowance: but why better? what was
the idea, a emotion, behind such an
impulse? something that went deeper than
Epsom. some ancient prejudice, or instinct, to
the effect that human nature despises those
who take? that pleasure, happiness lies in
what is voluntary? the spontaneous
heart of life; its unconsidered gifts: that
moon-day the traitors are the peaceful;
those who include prayers, &
those who exclude prayers, are the most
peaceful? praise & blame: compensation:
calling up the shades of actions into memory
for hours:

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I to, waving my hand, ~~to him~~ I said, muttering
as accurately as I could the manner of
face with in circle, which I left the truth I then
was little knowledge. To long: ~~to~~ to begin:
Remember Lambert" The dawn ~~to~~ flashed he
arms, like a ~~tired~~ bird, settling on a branch.
Which a last, she added, then pushing up ~~a~~
veil shape: I'd rather my day tell the truth about
even shame in latin class: a ~~d~~ regatta.
folk in the prong ~~stocks~~, than ~~to tell~~ - the -
She read a for a few minutes - ~~the~~ the ballad ~~of~~
Sabine, ~~heart~~ ~~rattled~~ heaps ~~about~~ "the immortal maidens"
the ~~pirates~~, ~~a~~ wrecked, ... the immortal maidens -
~~a~~ the Jews."
She took crumpled up the paper: ~~a~~ settled down, as
~~then~~ I more, she seemed to pore ~~to~~ remember.
some curious ~~pieces~~ ~~of~~ ~~Caesar~~ ~~a~~ oriental ~~car~~.
which I performs ~~the~~ ~~latin~~ dance; ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~yellow~~ ~~lids~~
with wrinkled eyelids ~~fixed~~ to ~~to~~ contemplate
Lancy performed
How far there was any truth in her story ~~of~~ the
Jew, he did not know. ~~The~~ ~~accused~~ man
seemed to have some evidence, for the bath water
could be heard, running away, gurgling
gurgling. For a moment he had a wish to ~~go~~
~~to~~ for hardly ~~where~~ were a line of peace
~~round the bath~~. That Elvira was poor was
certain: the ~~how~~ how much work trouble ~~a~~
~~gurgled~~ with bath water: his lips were becoming
gradually ~~annoyed~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~attributed~~ by a
~~bodyguard~~ ~~horse~~ ~~sapping~~ ~~a~~ ~~fat~~ horse in a
stable ~~a~~ a hen ~~pecking~~ at straw. It ~~suggested~~
well be that she had got some job in an office -
since she was ~~obviously~~ hardening now they
~~the~~ used to be.

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"Caught by a law, she observed, every man who
works, a lecturer as she let him hear up to her last the people
should be forced to add, "The devil in my hats."
in cathedral bells, the devil in my hats:
She meant he supposed, that the French had
been discussing. She meant that they were for
money, he supposed: the She had certain vague
running in her head of hordes crowns watches
Bridge to earn their living. Hordes of little men in
bowler hats & pepper & salt coats; rich men
in motor cars with women in furs; women
in fur coats beside them. The river running out to
oblivion oblivion: the hurly throwing out his hand
& say with some allusion about the blood royal,
the untrained hand, forced to take follow
after them. to take her place away through the
mahogany doors, became money to Johnny's
professions. Civilized life, there was peace &
orderliness, cheapness & novels & bath pits
with hot blowers, men playing hymns on
pay days paychecks: He rammed up the pictures
that rose as he mopped silently, left for the
average person must be a round of tea-tellings or
whatever such multiplying became of months—
when a certain degree of orderliness was reached—
a struggle to make money.
But then what else was possible?
What other system else? were they not all
were they not all clamped down, suffocated!
He had his elder horde of gold; his jack of coral
framed to fold: what would he her fate? the
pearls, those mythical ornaments which the used
sometimes to attribute to her grandmother
amount, though in all likelihood they were
nothing more romantic than a few thousands
inherited from her father and in exchange

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there is something that I can't explain symbolic
moments of expansion moments of freedom.
when they read a play. How could any wider
the moments of expansion. & left, Ulric back the
horrid ineludable! Was there any Education system,
a way of thought which could procure for
a more exciting intoxication. prolongation;
It seemed perverse deviant & accept obstacles:
the cramping & damming, the holding down -
rubbing one's nose on the Grindstone:
How could one remain outside the patriarchy
with it has, its prizes? Yet to
Elvira he thought, the mere mention of
authority, relentless way enough to raise &
ridicule. Beginning, all took part; they had
Their niches; & held had mitigated
Their themselves by their love of office, power.
But what other way shape, save this?
Were to be important, is this? Education
Un- family was such Unwar the ambition
Every school, college career - the ambition.
Every profession fostered it. The clerks, men
The tractors are the mechanics. The specialists, the
professional mechanics, who have a very weird
The mind & unbody its natural channels.
Johnny has fun: the desire to unfreeze: supersede
Combine; power one other — there all
Crumble, corrode, demench. & here we are
Shut up in little pens of corrugated iron;
While somewhere, very near at hand, lies
Real freedom, real life, an element, a
Community a width, breadth, &
fresh -
Just Hugh a wall then walk, an envelope that
in them this, could be broken in a moment by

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The law was in all their hearts, as the instinct
The problem, how to get rid of the law of peace, how to
live in — decently, expansively, — the sense
of expansion remained with him, as the flower of the
evening, when they were at their ease, would be
far harder for her to solve, the educated as the wiser,
than for him: they of course the game of the
he thought as he the better words & pictures
returned to him, as he smoked, making part of his
mind's landscape, the there was the whole other
question, for them, laceration; what the called
the patriarchy; the hierarchy. What Elvira said
he thought, looking at her crumpled in her chair
reading her book, as if she had forgotten him, or
was too much at her ease with him to bother, was
I don't believe in you whenever you
mentioned a leader or a philosopher or a bigwig,
or a professor, or a man with letters after his
name or a distinguished civil servant like her
father, or a distinguished master of Trinity like
his uncle Edward, or the laughed.
She Pitched. Under upon hand & laughed.
Because they took credit for money, for power,
No doubt it was partly the natural
unconscious effect of sex: of you were what not
there to laugh at what you could not possess:
on the other hand, there was some thing
of great the genuine — he felt, I come back to
England, the that the old standard
there might be another way of life. How far
a better way? One that allowed of expansion?
That didn't put a ring round the mind;
that kept it in a little pen of corrugated iron:
of people weren't coerced into patriotism

Some things words such as Love,

Any man who took her as a person — like he took a Edward was at once an object of ridicule.

There was something instantly ridiculous to her in

the

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there might be some truth in it. They might have
lost the wrong way to wash; but they may do mend the
mend; forbidden it to grow: they spoke that upon a
corrugated iron fence; the cliché: that they out:
making common in knowledge & experience: hatred him;
so that what Elvira was up against was
the whole of Avalon society. He laughed.
Genius for you wouldn't cut out for you" he said.
"Oh for you such steps" she said, taking him to
refer to making another for the woman's hope.
"No adjectives, — Polly Porter & Peter grew
said 'no adjectives'... "when a father'd lately
almost ~~mothered~~ mother'd" You leave out
('father'd" — ~~a superfluous~~ Epithet...
for her.
Oh Elvira, he exclaimed, moved again [illegible]
sense of expanse, simply because she had spoken to
him;
Oh George, she mocked him.
Why do we live in an age when there's ~~nothing~~ ~~to~~ a
single proper subject for making a line like that."
It was when they can't keep steps, & they
the lord" she said, reading the heavy.
~~the~~ became, ~~the~~ he came she hesitated;
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~toothache~~ "the ruin. I know, the
exclaimed. I have it" She jumped up &
Now will you wound. It became we
how far was the harbour & [illegible] deepen at
ancestor - -
Don't be an ass, Elvira he said.
Because ~~the Archbishop~~ ... ~~a~~ said ten thousand a year -
people ~~of the church~~ ~~then~~ ~~became~~
became ~~was~~ ~~has~~ the Archbishop takes ten thousand
a year - ~~became~~

veiled
interest in
the church,
scene
medieval

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because, in short, we dont respect our rulers; because
they take money; because they're bribed; because they own
Land; because they fight; because they tolerate in
~~respectability~~ ~~nobody~~ or only those that dont
like England as Jenny, Exist — because, ~~then is what they look~~ with the
result, she concluded, shaking the greasy hair
under her eye, with the gesture of a ~~fat~~
man in uniform, they look like only like —
now whatever that man means you ~~to~~ op-
~~a Goliath~~, a savage; a Oriental; the
Great baboon at the Zoo who sucks a bone
in which meat have been scrabbled —
Ban ban, Caliban,
Ill be the man. Ye-ll be the man.
The type of manliness that is now being before us,
is not Ajax, one that commands the
Knees ~~of~~ they kneel to reverence. ~~In short~~ one
laughs, behind one's brother hand ~~the~~ short, at his
whole bearing ~~like them~~. — that's why, my good
fellow, we can't write anymore, when a
father'd ~~like~~ only almost murther'd."
"Yeah why, my good fellow, we laugh."
"Oh because, because," she said
"why can nobody write like that now."
Oh because, because — "the heretics" Did he
She waved ~~again~~ her question. How was that written? — he asked
~~Do you think~~ he hated people at the end ~~of~~ the like, as
~~loved them~~ I love them."
to look the book heavily. The question was the
usual question suggested ~~by~~ the last of the
~~day~~ — he took the book, often at the random —
~~day~~, ~~began~~ of the days: He began to read it.
How was that written, indeed: what a question:

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~~that was wrong~~! He read on. He had been thinking about Trade Unions; & he noted as ~~a priceless comment~~, by way of comment, how ~~difficult comment is~~ Nancy at the note, with ~~which the top was anchored to the ground~~, by way of answering humbly, how that Mogat ~~which had nothing what ever to do with the play~~, ~~got done him~~, attracted him: as what would ~~Shakespeare have thought~~ you asked that; you don't come bring the hunt; then what becomes of Cathain he asked himself:

also rots of resolvers ends:

You see, Eileen he said aloud, we can't be Elizabethans: & then he thought, but human nature remains the same, & then he thought, ~~I wonder if that true~~, & then he thought, what was ~~but then is that the way to win~~ I'm not understanding ~~her play~~, & then he thought, he often ~~or yes~~, but I've seen that for the first time.

That may be true;

~~which the~~ well but did he love the world or hate it? the answer ~~don't~~ they say he left the world & retired down!. Or that what they say the contemini. That what they call a last. Comes ~~saying~~ the interpreted.

~~Yes they do~~, he murmured.

It was a very small body to ~~have taken up~~ all that ~~the~~ ~~it~~ he observed.

The Chestlamps ~~peered~~ peered a little outside. They made Cerecoy hallows in the ceiling & the rays of the day hanny June outside London, there was an ~~shadowy~~ shadowy lull in the air. The vegetable Sellers, the barrel organs had all trundled away. ~~It was~~ Yet in the ~~faint~~ distance there was faraway hooting. & Cries, there was a little rattle & flit, like that which comes ~~in~~ a field when after ~~when~~ been mown, ~~in~~

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the Grass, the weed that had been pressed down by
the passage of the machine over them ~~had~~ sprung apart.
The home effects was lamp yellow; a
flame in the window curtain of the lodging
~~The dog strong the bathfield~~ he could, and Gleen.
~~But whether~~ he loved the wood, or whether he
hated it .... The murmured gently to herself,
~~& he was not to interrupt her work~~ asked,
gently, watching her Cousin reading
He made no reply. was he like the young man in
the French picture, sitting with his hat in his hand,
No. ~~Rather dark now, trembled.~~ reading he had the
Reading, what is washed over, & smoothed away; what is
made aware; He found the page.
~~the hands~~ & Presently, he began, he
made a movement, such as a sleeper makes to
keep off a somebody who comes, hardly
in her dream, to wake him —
She lay back without a book, trying to remember what
routine they he was reading: what scene would be:
week, irregularly, away the wand, with the
the storm was over: She looked at them as if she
Could verify her guess by the expression on her face
the storm was over: there was music in the air, —
~~rubbing the sleep from her eyes~~. the stepmother
Crew, rubbed the sleep from them eyes. The
put her knuckles to her own face; & sighed.
aching the heart,
She looked up What had happened so gently —
suddenly that neither of them had heard the door
had opened; Margot stood there in a
woman stood there in white. Glen,
Meyrhen sent, dressed her book.
whom back was to the door. turned a moment

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Calvin.

Who is this spirit that has come amongst us? the words
what is this vision? do I wake or dream?

Again the words acted upon him, as if they opened
something in his mind, let it free. "Give it me" he said. He took the book himself;
He began to turn over the pages. He had
been thinking his last curious thought had been
about Nadia's unicorn: rings round the mind;
shutting people out. So what he and
Orlando he asked, Nadia and the page thereon
with notes by living men: I'm thinking of
Nadia's unicorn:

The woman practising her scales had fallen silent.
Like a ~~growing & practising~~ strong. the
memory of a month, of a year
The two were on an ~~old~~ island; couched on the
yellow sand, there was faint music,
& the boom of the breakers, receding, slowly, for the
storm was over, & ~~all day~~ moment by moment the
howl of the storm was hushed, before the
voice spoke. ~~The~~ A voice, a light,
made her turn:

"What wonderful adventure!" — she said.
"Are you in the play or not?" she asked.
A woman stood there in white.

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oh that very wise, said Eleanor as Peggy found the cab-
very wrong indeed. She tried to offend her fence; the
corns rolled outside the threshold the horses
then ~~rolled on the~~ pulley & hens rolled about
on the door stood open. The stopped; Peggy stopped.
Dear me, I've only made things worse, says Eleanor.
was there anothing? which I can be helped. My
fault. The ~~entered the~~ staggered back;
entered the room. Where was the to take her
Cloak off? In that room? That was where
they used to meet: but the rooms had been altered
the occasion: There were cloaks there already
a hers: where we used to meet the rest ... in the
then is where we used to meet the rest ... in the
ugly days. Dear me how untidy I am ... my
hair all over the place ... and for mant
~~but~~ hale I hate a touch of ~~to~~ ... I've no
brush, I don't want any ways no ... I'm an
open, I don't want any ways no ... I'm an
open on a jopey: a desperate eyes, aren't ...
well never mind, the that they whom they
did is that ~~one~~ ... don't care ... I used to care
very much. Dear me ye. I used to care
to be ~~my only beauty~~ But when one has a
lovely look - Edna - one don't care so much.
She was a beauty. Oh ye. Compared with
me ... rather odd that none of her ~~any~~ any
like mama. The Regelia is a much sharper
pram than the Reyleys. well, if Kelly comes
together you'll see. She may be in London
When. She'll come. But the days up in the
Roch men & men. Can't bear London -
crowd ... Only now & then the comes
up in a wedding ring or a christening:
Then are the days that keep us together -
suddenly I see a very man, & it's the
baby. Rock, one must keep our

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Eggs Sir. Such absurdness! You mustn't become ray a'thy
Cue Sir Josh. It's my
I'm afraid I'm getting a Chatterbox. Well, down it
matter! Chalk, chalk, like Ann, like Aunt
Gussie. Am expected to thank whenever
her remember to say. Well, I do like parties
because there always adds whatever comes
into ones head.
A maid becomes a coffee.
Thank you kind Sir Lepharo arm to comme
one can attend to bothers take into holes.
Sir Josh Reply, all the same) with Sir. I become
pay attract my charm Let me.. head
ugly dog Sir Ray. whatever the sure
has been! I gotta cat, because I hate
the can mice tickers so: a young hen
fear why not don't walk! haunting
an Papa used to say. Not work Ready
the steps in a peasant star. The
Older ~~Sir~~ Sir. Oh Sir I'd have shew
him: Say Sir. What a the part Ray
I'm Sir - the my hat. some Sir
even a stick in me. Sir dear old Ready
Sir her like him. Sir dust Sir hands
other hat new - what a rather a
Ray come to Sir Sir... I used to meet
Sir Sir was the room where we used —
arthur green old dog Sir evening —
they replied - the was the hour when.
dear me — an October day after
down coming in the pen - her shower
back. The dog Pauch died. I came
here... I didn't find her. I walked
in the streets. I shall never forget the
dear to the feeling as lonely
heavy faded in the sky. Pauch —

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Thelma I was very pleased, don't let that
pain. Ti the picture; we'll come along and
Peggy: you look like a rose. I mean I like
Roger in the young; I like the brilliance of
the effect: I don't think of red nor me
high: I should feel - hedgeyed - Now let
us go upstairs: I want to see -
another hemp? Have you seen me any
more, because I don't know what to
do with them - Coffee - do we,
Lower pandemonium, my pardner, always
heard them boiled - but these were such
very Italian days. The crowded cat
bread that was toasted. They had time
to jaunt - all that matter - the ladies
were taught to my hand fashion:
And who Now what was that?
(That last A Knot - my Landlady?
Oh I remember - Yes;
of Edward here.. only such kinds
he must be able best away. Their
by bed rewards, and Mathei Mahy -
he her no may to agreement - a better man -
which I'm glad to say I'm not - a better man -
they ascended the stairs:
that you happened a Matthew here
but her whole how Delia her at the Coffee
Eleven with Indeed I Sadey: but the
ey my ma - Mayor better: have the whole
how bright, ri that we can return all the
Room - of the party pet Cage upon -
At present they look a little pushy: but
near Latin abstain - Latin - abstain . . .

July 6th 1934

NYPL

28th July 1934

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"It only you Sir" said Maggie, coming into the room. She was smiling. She had stood in the door for a minute unperceived. She had looked down Gloria reading, Elvira lying with her eyes shut, one leg over the arm of the chair without their moving. But now Renny her husband had come up behind her & she had to advance into the room.

Gloria shut up her book with a start.

"We rang & rang & nobody came. But somebody listened to the fancy entry so we came in" the explained.

"Why trouble to have a bell?" said Renny to his mother in law.

"You're in every room but" said Elvira: She got up & fetched flowers.

"And you're here enjoying" she said handing a glass to Renny.

"It was an awfully hot day" he said sitting down. such a hot day. I cried all the time

~~Come [illegible], said Elvira - was~~

Letting round the empty fireplace they began talking about play. ~~how had play always made how by~~

Renny said. ~~Have was it about Gloria asked.~~

Maggie looked at him.

Her husband was sitting opposite her, leaning his elbow on the table. Elvira, having arranged flowers on the table, had sat down again. her arm the was ~~recovering~~ the flowers, as if arranging them, before she lowered one, bobbed & arm. Gloria, the her cousin, had drawn his chair up. The saw him in profile, as she lay back in his chair, by the window.

There were

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very odd about the light. In order to make a shade, Elverson had twisted a sheet of paper round the Electric light: originally green, it had faded. The light fell in a funnel therefore on their faces & on the ceiling was a tissue of wavering light, inextricably mottled, waveringly: like a flood like something floating on the ceiling: like a patch of water, rippling: under it they sat with half in shadow, half in bright hard light: a queer drowned; that for Penny's face was clear as a photograph: she could see the two lines down his cheeks that drew which the clean head ran; on either side of his forehead was almost entirely round. A round forehead, a round head, a short nose: & then Elverson hand, a beard on the table where the glasses stood. Behind them was the fireplace line of the door host: on the grey yellow white with the square ga picture frame.

It was a bad play: the end.

The hair that came into Jessop face, the curves round the eyes, the pressure on the lips were extraordinarily interesting; like a Compared blunt, like made of something very soft, yet a beautiful substance, not laid rather lumpily over the bone: what luck in the light. The light moved oddly. Green, brown, blue shades. His hand was blunt fingered. Yes, as a whole they made an extraordinarily queer group; utterly lurid by the table. And there in the middle was a

NYPL

plate, looked up with a cry of scared shame; which seemed
they recked as glass, took bright reflections
George was saying what made him cry: suddenly he drew his
hand right down over his face from forehead to chin:
What makes me cry is — he began.
Enough. enough. Remy protested. The fe bubbles
then vanished into the glass that Severn had filled
for Jack. Remy lay back in his chair, letting
further the glass beside him. For a moment
they were all perfectly still, silent.
The door post framed Remy's head: Severn and the
a Grave there, Severn there with the door shut
behind them, in the middle the plate of
bright-coloured fruit.
That they were only still crystallized, contained, like
that an extraordinary beauty for a moment.
Suddenly Remy's face changed completely. He
took the glass up, held it in his hand. Then he
seemed to man themselves with forehead
meeting all the lines shrank more translucent,
more ageless, as a twitch had been given
to some very fine net-work just under the skin:
~~The same thickness~~, he wanted to ask George a
question: which had no relation to anything they had
said. A question that broke through the thin soft
veil of talk, about ageing at last.
Pohlus, said Marpe to Judy. The lay back
in her chair; she managed to push it slightly
so that she could see Remy & George attend-
ing; slightly forward; George, with his
elbow on the table, one hand, on his
cheek. Marpe observed how her looked
intently at the table, began, as the knew
he would, many what was it? a flower

NYPL

that lay there: as if the Moon had become imbedded in
her mind, & needed to be moved, as he thought, just as
her thoughts moved.

And Elvira? she asked hardly: That too
was exactly what was expected. – That curious
sharp angle that her elbow made in the arm of the
Chair; that interesting, ugly line; so rigid, so
out of like something in a broken mechanism.
& then her upper lip drawn so as to show her teeth, &
the whole stillness & unlaughing brokenness of her
attitude, always like a broken thing, never
crouched, even when she was asleep. And soon
after, she heard Jago say: Native...
to say the heard him say, & then, as if a whole
Mood that had been gathering somewhere, ran down
thigh him; he completely altered his position again.
He put down the Indian ink-defencelessly.
held his hands between her knees.
Remy Jaca was all attention. An Extraordinary
kind of colour – apart the grey white walk, and
that sharp hair. Why did Elvira feel
up the poker & examine it: He held it
with manly ease, & strength also reflected
with his own twistedness. Everything they did
was extraordinarily in keeping: And the great
blob of colour in the midst: The wet, the heavy
star fruit, like a weight in a net, extraordinary
sensual, beautiful, with its yellow in the
flaming glass; the fine transparency
showed the bram of the table.

Jago when

where exactly did you get that blade? she
asked, in a whisper.
Elvira looked at

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"I said to myself, she began, speaking a shrieking voice came
in recollection clearer, so as not to interrupt those 2 people
who were speaking in long, emphatic sentences,
Clapping the last word, an apple, a pear or plum;
expect there to be a banana!"
She no sooner uttered all her chair and the floor.
& came, like some curious dark creature that,
makes its way rambling across the sand to her
victim chair a banana. she revealed, a banana,
or a bit fruit of green!"
No, nor that would have shocked Mrs. Hagan.
There were something extraordinary odd & the
in handwriting the feeling of the eyeglass & the
Cleaning & the Crudely of the bodger home room:
something that no one could have misunderstood:
& the hands of
the
She looked round the room. It was extraordinarily
interesting; became for some reason — she tried to
see where the fever blood & heat was produced —
There must be some flare in the sheet. She
decided to begin bring about this conflict,
the eyeglass was an extremely valuable thing:
for example, Elvira lying against the the pretty pinky
heady cushion; a there some heat green
what was it that like a soft plume up in the
air? a thin line, a soft plume upon the air,
Pampas grass in the corner moved. She
laughed. Ever a little breeze stirred
what was happening & some man that the
window was open. a cold breeze stirred
the serviette & curtain about.
She had a sudden excitement that she was by
herself. The hated Mr. The hated Mr.
Everything remorselessly hurled about her. Ex-

a branch of
Mrs Lun w
Mr

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"Not on the least" she exclaimed with more vehemence than was justified — Fleur had asked her whether she was agreed with her husband: ~~what she meant, but the~~ the words, as sometimes happened when they rowed did not altogether let the question: so that she had to explain: ~~rather~~ in some confusion:

"I want listening".

"no" said Elvira, seeing also to make up.

~~But I had~~ Maggie went on typing: listen: whereas, the political situation is — where was it Jesse? — yes — Renny [illegible] some political speech! — ~~you~~ had caused me to

what he was thinking of —

Renny went on with what he was saying.

Elvira stretched out her hand for a sheet of paper.

She began to write. ~~suddenly~~ Frowning, as usual, with her hand above eyes, her knee at another, she looked, as usual, ugly, harsh skill, with the muddy complexion flaw above it.

She began making, seeing, as she were talking, random over the political argument with. Her bleared eyes ages:

without paying her the least attention, Renny went on again

The lip of the pen on the mantelpiece was stained beyond — pen round its edge, Maggie noticed.

~~Everything was~~ Everything was cheap; everything was ugly, looked at separately. And yet as her eye ran over the then prominent, the cheap outlines, they became sickened with a

~~sorely~~ a sort of [illegible] following them into their odd alliance, their unfamiliar unintelligible un shepherded, unexplained combinations & intricacies; their clashes & colour. The cruel

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not It was queer, strong feeling: the rank with complete
relief: she did not attempt to listen. ~~The thought~~
The angle of Elvira's cowhides, lying against the
head, the plumes, the square of the cushion:
" ~~Yes, but~~ Not in the least — I was listening "
Elvira murmured. Under cover of the argument
of the statement that was going forward between
Remy & Jose. They smiled. They ~~were~~ words
~~flowed~~ stuck out in the talk. ~~of the two~~
emphatic repetitions; native, African; tones;
government: ~~But~~ You mustn't pretend about that,
~~confess but you to be~~ but
the murmured; Like this: She adopted the
pose of ~~a~~ somebody listening intently: she
frowned; crossing her knees. But as she was
aware, the little joke — that she was indeed
listening to with grave attention to the
political argument fell completely flat.
Lei back as you were said Maggie.
Elvira lay back. What they were saying was
extraordinarily interesting. For instance these
African natives in the moonlight, in red hats;
The tom tom beating through the political night:
men dancing; great naked arms & backs:
Shields; marks worn over face; eyes;
women with long breasts; & the white
leaves flowing; & the great white flowers.
After the road came a man on a little yellow mare;
He looked at Jose; Jose in a sun helmet;
with the spanish, the ~~pomaded~~ bare head;
with the spanish the pomaded white look ga
Everywhere; wherever the world wholly
Erased; & some unspoken Came out here
Corrugated over Ted. The man entering on the

The eager the words Africa, native hats.

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ude ithe natives:
Or last leave you.
Eleanor rang up at least an hour ago; he said,
The asked us all to come to the party.
what party? whose party said maggie.
Oh dear me, said Elvira jumping up.
The argument, all the statement, was over. He turned to
Maggie:
Come you Orrin! you come to Ebor Delia! hurry he said.
He sighed deeply; he rose, as he rose, to shake off
to stop that some process of that was not
finished: to assign some adventure and undertaking before it
was accomplished. Letter line on that had been
already come in he saw as she looked at them,
meeting.
"Eleanor rang up just an hour ago" he said.
She still made no reply, familiar
"In the vast scheme of things purpose mind
attach importance to.."
all the Parsifal letters wound a take," said
Elverer, a in Corner Crosby took the hot cake
And Eleanor, taking a saw him from her head,
the hair her hand to her hair "proceed to pay
the week the letter. "But I'm not dressed.
I'm not Equipped for human society. I'm
in the way Ramsay, I don't know what I am!
One of the vast army of swindler. Yes, look
at that Cathy. Lady Jane looks lovely in
plum Coloured velvet. That's how I can my
pay. The Jew buys me my bath."
But I change, said maggie, promptly
Lady Jane looks lovely in plum Coloured velvet"
maggie began to read the long list of names.

they said

Rose Keller read the key.

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~~Why d'you think they dress?~~ the eminent Sleeper.
He read halfway down the list of guests.
"Listen Remy," said Elvira, "do the Africans eat
round a fire of elephants' bones in the moonlight."
~~What's the use of~~ Go, change said Maggie.
Yes, but you can, she added; you can find something
in a drawer; & you can take your pen in your
pocket: you can write your article there: you
can sit by yourself downstairs; you can write about
that party. You can sort it on the way home:
you can make one around ten by working
nineteen a day & the week. Only ~~keep your~~
~~hair~~ put hairpins in your hair; remember —"
He called out as he left retreating,
what the Parisian reporter said, when down
as to wait, isn't that we should dazzle
them, but that we should have taken all the
trouble to pretend that we want to see each other."
Elvira left the door open. They could hear her
obeying, shutting drawers.
Family affection, the Creed ass.
"Oh damned rot" said Remy.
"What about the Africans then? said Maggie.
"Why d'you trouble about them?"
"Oh that's a care of Malaut-Mézenc" "he replied
"What a care of Malaut-Mézenc! said Elvira
peering in her mirror. Oh you old humbug..."
Remy yes, you needn't care for Elvira like that
"Shut up you fool" said Sleeper.
"Then I wish he said, we could avoid
"whistle the cars. He took up a phone.
rapped at Manby on the table.

— in a cupboard on the book

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Penny, whom) worship, he said, - he was a little excited -
Penny whom) worship her, said Maggie: but that not
to say) don't think him the most unintelligent ass,
I ever ~~know, we~~ met
Maggie made me give up a safe job of 150 a
year he said.
Well) said Glegg, don't you ever wish me, what the
former marriage - a bad start at best - your
husband is in a ship...
Make a lie Maggie: what you said was, morally
speaking) wish I had you make chemicals for me.
Lobby Lud) when I was a state of intoxicate.
One drop of spirit added to two of the " said
Elvira stopping her head in.
Wash, wash, wash, said Maggie:
Ich bin Maggie, she came in - the rain -
he helle coat; he has run about the lane:
Thank where you have in: where madness
You stand on the table trap door Tuck: The
Fever in my hah. A time of peace like
That ah. The tide leave
Yes. This bird me. He was standing in
Evening Purple: - she saw the hands of
Immediate; - why are huntsmen, were
Who make a big Immediate -
~~The father says, only has a pet to care for.~~
Confusing in regard a regular income regularly
In. Take Edward, mark Matthew.
Take you on table. Yes. " said
Maggie: How a man Can take a
Hercules, return a wig, out by in by ear -

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love many so much more! she said. "It's a case of family affection isn't it she asked. Doing what nobody wants to do, because someone else did it so" they could hear Elvira opening + shutting drawers through the open door. "What are you doing" she shouted "the shouted ~~what are you~~ "family affection"

"All damned rot" said Remy.

"What about those African Thr.?" said Maggie.

"That's a case of blatant nepotism" he said

"What a case of blatant nepotism?" said Elvira, stepping her head in.

"African is a case of blatant nepotism: family affection" all damned rot." Maggie summed up.

"Oh Lord, he said taking up a spoon + tapping it impatiently on the table, why always politics!

Remy, whom I worship — " he began.

"Yes, but he's a man who contradicts himself. He's a man of contradiction. I stop in bed at 11 a.m." he added "! Laugh, laugh, laugh."

Oh if one could be married at 9 am, "said Remy sleepily

And have a wife who handed you over the head with the washing." said Remy ~~because you're in a~~ rude job, say 1500 a year. I want how you making chemicals - 'chemicals' she calls them - whizzing the fly across the room.

Whizzing the fly across the room? said Elvira stepping heavenwards - the room was hazy. The mask Lew threw up a rude job - 1500 a year. 2

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marks, & nothing handsome about them. Take that for
trade the rest, for [illegible]. And the walk was
spattered with the clothes remains that have fallen
off & knot."
Well well wash, said Maggie. Why marriage is
bad enough as it is," she added, without spending all
your time in a shop..."
Wash, she repeated, as Elvira came in; she was
in her petticoat, her hair was about her ears.
Ah but Maggie the rain, the fever in my hair.
A line of grease like that—ah. The tide leaves —
Yes yes, said Jane. This wine had that stain
already. There a lodge who sells talbot. To
the west to Walcher Bridge. I her must
Even eating the rain, shaking my hand at the
dark walls (the muscles in her arms) & as
pressed a letter of introduction
To an old Glorvian" Elvira added.
She disappeared again:
We'll be quite another thing to-morrow" said Amy.
And all ten, all ten: What I'm saying is, he
called out for Elvira to hear, "if you don't know
the difference between truth & lies. Never mind.
Never wish."
[illegible] & that called Heath.
A Compliment. ah
my smart brother in law. She called back.
A man who can't. The Queen of England
asked me to tea; but which shall she?
The rose or the gold? And all are in hole,"
my stockings said she." Look Maggie."
She had stockings in her hand
Yes, that's just what I mean, said Maggie

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matches the stocks; you can let at home how you like; a-
panty — wear them - the knew them a the Lute -
a pa[illegible] ray a-bra, look at that woman; she's come out -
ni a patched pan, or a pan that don't match.
It's just an expectation, said Jenye. Parlin And
family panties - oh Lord "the fat cop sighed.
Mrs Glaze, I hem Eleanor, I hows the
cat that ate the rat: why can't we catch Mayhew!
we have to go: we have to go" said Mary. The cop-
stood very upright
Now that (precisely what) was about to say"
said Elvira, coming back; she had on an Empty Dress,
but the hooks were undone
Kneel down: let" said Mopsa:
Many years ago, on a mild warlike night, no, on a
hot summers day, Elvira began: (Once in a last fit
Rey the interpreter) I was walking, high one Thurs-
day, a clothes dressed, high what I had a
vision of clothes dressed in hi: pink yellow. Head
man, striped pyjamas: & there were, head
in the fireplace; whose heads are yours, high are
what do you seek here! I said to you.
Those whom the mercies of the wood are my
they replied with one accord. And you: What what
ye meant, deliver us, Rey!" she asked. I mean,
Loving ones kind. Bound by mistake to:
Members of one another. And so on."
"Yes said Mopsa: That ok my wish, assume
one respectful voice. But stay one
doesn't."
That very problem, said Jenye. That what
Rey's ask. A Loving that one can refuse.
Mere: Sorely that we do. That'll do fine

By Eleanor, Mary in the mud: Colour mud: waterproofs Cosy. I lean today on the Hall mirror glass

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party – a family party – The manager he said.
Only now you must have a cloak " she added.
That the top! Elma cried. A cloak & darkness.
A seat in the cabs. Three minutes I shall walk my
article for telegram or fate, & nobody shall say
you ~~have~~ snatched a few snatched " & so she left
~~She disappeared again~~ room, & one shall be glad,
when the Queen of England ordered me to tea.
She went into the bedroom to fetch her cloak.
It said as one reflected vainly " ~~was~~ magic. cheated.
The thought of all the different combination –
the Greek, the Roman, ~~the African~~, the Chinese, the
Japanese, the Indian, the African, the European.
In which world & shall been best to have lived;
I suppose, to be perfectly honest. the said, what one
means is, – the
Say But how can you expect
~~You must acquire age your mind~~, Mappe, said Henry:
there such value be a society in which this
you can not look at...
You will never be tolerated in anything " said
Henry You don't yet. Jane wrong. ~~You want~~
She wants, in the first place, her Cheddar: then to
~~Look at the things~~ just to sit & look."
~~You very complicated mind: one duty to society~~ " said
Jane. Much more (or as then he seem " he
pointed at the silhouette of the grandparents.
~~You don't believe in~~
What are you talking about now! said Elma. She
had a hair glove in her hand.
Our duty to society, said Jane.
How mis announced he, the upstairs, Mary about as

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tried to let her views on her feet. There were an absolutely
absolutely cups for a perfectly pottery in which to brew
Cassalenis tea (which I mean,
don't mean pleasant; no, plain painful; but at this
same time dejected, Ethel, ennobling - the hoped
on the whole - with what I for could I am going to
the human race in general!"

"Even the Roman Catholic Church" said Maggie:
"even the Church of England. There's
Penelope making progress on Percy with a force that is
terrific: devastating." Elvira muttered

Harry up and shaper: Afterwards, she said
talking into the newspaper which lay on the floor,
Her eyes, as she stood reading for her desk rose to
go, were veiled for a moment on the Percy scene.
D'you think there's anything for the human race? she
said, touching the contract in it.
The crumpled sheets before her husband saw it
for a moment. I must lend a hand as baker's a
pencil" said Elvira. If I'm to start on the cellar -
write (from fifteen hundred to two thousand words
by the last post on Friday may Nan Pagden "the
Works with a cheery brightness in inchoation
that what she said, ebbe per post a Parker...
gloomily. Yes so I'll I'll learn out the-
by ah! the sun.
what slaves we all are! the entwined, as the
perverted pervaded any, the men of stage on her
waiting table. Slaves to the, slaves to these
In Rachmanism are born; Refugees or another;
hordes pass over Calais Beach. what for."

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~~In another moment~~ Put many in your pram - 2 hairpins in your
hair only Maggie Lucky. Maggie a free woman
~~Lucky~~ on whom the old gentleman in good lace and
her summer night-dress hurled the priceless boon of
Celibacy; Rose having smashed his window;
Come along he said, & help me to smash other windows.
which was why he saw him a vol.; but not for Maggie:
Youre a non-resident entity, a visitor having taken
like a death, one of those Queensland who never
the wood form a bigger; to whereas, here am I:
Uncle Shelley - a week; one thousand weeds at
Killeen & up - Regards Uncle Shelley a week; & the
worm a few in each butts ... here this" The
The ~~laughed & chattered, but they~~ had formed the
pencil & letter at Cork
Maggie stopped, as they went down the stairs, to turn out
the light. She hesitated. Now the room was in
darkness. Only in the shallow grassy light from the
street, ~~lady~~ obscure shapes lay recline, appeared.
The table the chairs were robbed of their ~~reality~~
They were only the forms that caught some
kind of some sublime. Softly brushed #
by the light of the street lamp, the curves of the
objects, bean theme red, yellow. but they were
evanescent. Ghastly phantom forms. a limit
Darkness remained. She looked, looked.
Then she heard Elvira laughing, as she
led the others down the dark for stairs
She was getting very excited. She was frolicking extra
long. She was enjoying as she went.
A phrase floated up to her from the street as
she made her way down the dark stairs
on the stairs. The elements passed over
about.

NYPL

her.
How blankly irreligious the voices were – the cheerful voices: the arguments: the dark of one person each-another: the use & sale of voices: the names: the
whole problem: –
her last look
farewell room
the heat.
the light again. Later
the shadows, but Lilies
on the pillow and them air with
In her amusement at her stupid absent-mindedness
She had lost the drift of what was being said:

NYSCL

Aug 5-4-

"Miss Peyton, Miss Margaret Peyton," said Eleanor, giving their names to the maid who stood at the top of the stairs.

Miss Peyton, Miss Margaret Peyton" the maid repeated, making the names sound extraordinarily musical; & they followed her into the room. But the unreality came to an end much too soon. The Marion, the unfamiliarity nearly ~~caused the~~ ~~and~~ carried the shaking stand. as far as Peggy was concerned. The noted instantly that they had come too early; the rooms were almost empty; only a few people stood about making polite that something extraordinary happened. when she had said how do you do Miss Dela & she knelt by mantelpiece, the stood by the window, & ~~reflected heat in the~~ blank blank telephone directory ~~caught~~ on the wall making notes. that telephone directory ~~which~~ the telephone directory appeared to have been hidden. ~~which~~ Miss Dela seemed to be avoiding them; Uncle hidden; Miss Dela ~~seemed~~ appeared to be avoiding them; Uncle Patrick was ~~also~~ busily ~~writing~~ writing a letter; they did have hidden the telephone directory; ~~they~~ of you are a party shown into ~~the~~ the drawing room & ~~left~~ left alone for ~~a~~ perhaps; but as in 2 hours counted only 9 to 20 minutes; ~~for~~ ~~them~~ were there: & on the other ~~side~~ the 12 minutes, they ~~had~~ freedom: ~~that is~~, a bare ~~two~~ ~~calculation~~ calculation: ~~a~~ forgot in plan for. ~~How on the mild amusement~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~had~~ ~~had~~ trained hardly to observe unfashionably. She had many that you can ~~at~~ admire a local anaesthetic that ~~acts~~ at pain from a ~~people say~~, to, by ~~losing~~ ~~consists~~ by ~~daily~~ ~~daily~~ unfashionable notes of a situation, ~~you~~ can cut all ~~the~~ ~~feelings~~ freedom, pain;

That morning Cinderella gone—

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~~imposed vanity, many people, the~~
the suffering which human beings inflict upon each other,
~~& in the afternoon the unseeing suffering caused by~~
careless ~~social~~ unkindness - & the very heart of the evil
to her lady, can only be endured by keeping one's own
inviolable to 'nothing matters' ~~in these situations~~, the
animal lady - ~~the woman~~ a not-belief in any
thing matters. The was a afternoon that
the pain caused by unorganised human contacts - parties
in short - far exceed the pleasure. To what could be
attributed then the social unhappiness? Had
the injured her eyes or her aunt Delia: ~~in~~ her
~~case was~~ it was surely obvious that
her motive in life ~~and she afforded her mind~~
Up ja Look at each thing separately, the lord lady:
the pain stops. An anodyne for pain to be sold
~~price 1/6~~ at the chemists ~~must~~ ~~there was~~
~~some truth in it~~: maybe a fortune in it.

The ~~last~~ reason why Aunt Delia,
always made her slightly unhappy was that she was
avoided as ~~what~~ did she avoids? She
pretended to be an unhappy woman when she had not
a drop of black blood in her veins. She was a
red haired Rigby ~~not~~ Not Patrick. Being
descended from the Kings of Ulster, inherited the
English. She leaves the telephone both
injured, ~~she said, in the hope that~~
because she is in fact the most orderly &
efficient woman. But to time she is very
musical she added: ~~at least such is the~~
~~family tradition~~ only, ~~there again~~ the
trouble, she said to Lady, Aunt Delia, is

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ied haired, mercial, ; knows the telephone book ~~in the hall~~.
the last stand at him - . Throws standing by the door,
throws her head back. really very handsome; yes: a
personage: the which I mean, Her father had come in.
how that way, she added: making another entry in
her notebook: Love of father & daughter. Spontaneous.
Rather distinct. all the same. Or merged again.
Do I love my father reqeally ? She looked at Mervis.
No: there is a great deal of piety in it
they never are always notice each father's shoes ? she
asked. for instance her shoes.
Now that I have dropped egotistic comparative
anaesthesia by making these observations quick
walk across the room — there is nothing to be
frightened of in walking across a room - I ought
talk to Uncle Patrick. Let me see, the name
of the ~~Cockman~~ man who cut her toes off with a
hatchet man — well, I don't see why Throwers's
just it like that.
Now is the man who cut her toes off with his
hatchet ? she asked. ~~bent~~ ~~touched~~ down. the
The handsome old Irishman ~~was~~ to speak to her,
~~was not, not very close~~ to speak to her,
holding his hand round his ear, for he was
growing deaf. in the impulse
Hackett Lachett ! he repeated,
but ~~stood~~ she told in the conversation
took its way, that ~~was not~~ ?, a pale flame
very woman should have crowd Landen at
considerable expense, disconcert to talk to
daily friend, daily deaf old Irishman,
Chairman) said Hatchet & not Hackett !

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Five o'clock & the 20 minutes hunter had passed.
The name was Tisdall
We laughed suddenly. The mistake was shameful. There were Hacketts in Galway.
How, directly one laughs, the veiled, absurd little incident like that one wants ~~to confess~~ to confess.
The open human way. But one doesn't. One keeps it
Sharing them. But one doesn't. One keeps it
to oneself.' In Maeterlinck fame, the great heart-
to have a good rival member. Victualler a wide-awake
an address book: turn up page marked S.
work at top of page in a neat firm hand & red ink
Sympathy. Now. The & the lunch went on
talking about the Hacketts.
The Observer is not the really jolly weekly
~~Was that a very important precedence.~~
Carlyle rather than Creative.
Perhaps the case is a mistaken hand at drawing upwards
such she is not much use at drawing
whatever may look in life, the reading right.
One last apple another. I can see that Delia is
red haired, musical, & rather deliberately
Celtic, not Slavonic, obviously, gets some
a ~~good~~ deal fearless. Why do them fearless
even up the Entity we call Delia!
Patrick is

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the effort

Delia had greeted them with real cordiality, kissing her on both cheeks; but the cordiality became effusive a young, as the blood thins. They had come too early; the rooms were almost empty; only up a dozen people stood about making believe that something pleasant or exciting was happening. The atmosphere was hot and thin. The heat was not strong enough to weak.

The blood by the door. How to replace the Mann? he asked himself. By

very wide. Delia is a handsome rather raw boned woman, who has thrown a crimson shawl over her black dress. & holds herself well. But there is nothing to the face, & her accomplished thin effusive, rather demonstrative manner, became the mother to be taken for a Celt. The exact word she was vaguely aware, that always suck upon her lips in London, but... all they that people actually said were nonsense; an exact Celtic exactly written down was complete nonsense always.

Now her father came in. He gave her an apparently discreet, shamefaced fatherly: for a moment the note father however was submerged. But he was drawn into Delia's effusive circle, the circle of the reality. Next the stood a moment longer; then, she said what was uppermost in her mind: She remembered an incident on the train to them in Ireland...

Love was it? He asked himself.

NYPL

~~Headed at by the~~
Let ~~it~~ at present take mechanically. After mention of
Hachette, the old man, ~~Hobbled~~ feebly down beside her,
talked feebly, kindly about like a person
~~half~~ into motion some sad ferricable, but
rather weary nag, his old stories; remembering
old days, old adventures, old dogs, old memories
that made him that slowly stoked themselves
on he ~~began~~ warmed, spelling her fuentia,
into stories — the usual stories, the stupid about
shooting, with dear old so, with whom he had
been at College.
He wandered, as he rambled on, how many people
really listened to what was said to them:
It was like looking at a bad photograph, listened to
Uncle Patrick. But then ~~the war~~ not ~~one~~
her imagination was not creative: it was analytic.
She was very good at collecting facts: but
not good at combining them. Then she had a
poor visual imagination: if she said to him
"an anodyne sold at the chemists" she instantly
saw a packet covered in shiny green paper: but
the visual imagination was not the other kind of
imagination.
And during ~~her~~ her ~~hear~~ tell of a man called
Peter Scutum that lived not so many miles from
in the little house ~~so~~ just on the right hand
side as you come along the road from Dieppe to
Arques —
Everybody was thinking of themselves in one
way or another the whole time. Either, I will
~~Cast~~ her thoughts a little. Or, I am
the point of view, ~~not that~~

at faded
photograph
being shuffled
& found.

NYCL

Scenes scored heavily in her opinion. Get perhaps, the
and-Co, - she was playing the role taking game as
usual - to Vivacchia a note book was easy;
Then the funeral was glimmering: the man had at
the present touch: She did not like
guessing about what he felt that, the lack thing
was at fault. She got things wrong. There again, he magnanimous
least as Acheson. The could make any number of
very loyal, but tempered, had a passion for
Pamela wanted to be a success; between
ourselves to blame, bitter, enthusiastic;
any one real living person. Could one be
absolutely impersonal! Hera - She had to
Whip translation, for the long hunting stories
kept breaking up her rhythm, like a taxi
dipping into the curtain - wait -
him, as the story needed attention. The whole
effect idea had escaped her. But why
I one came to a hunting one ought not to
think of Scenes.
Summer that the man getting into a rut.
Well, how did one get away out of rut?
By pretending to take an interest in
both politics. But Uncle Fetish's
views on both subjects were so..
familiar, so old fashioned, so just a man
rambling. Moran calves.
& then vomiting the whole thing had
snatched off into a talk he had had with
his old tenant - did do so Patey was so -
he says to me -
But then people vote

NYPL

parties not to exchange ideas, about but to stir up
ch roots of Malice:
There again the west at a loss: the who had never
been in love; for whom the usual relation between
men & women was such a boring fact:
How did people manage to fall in love! she
wondered! She looked round the room to find
an object. Well, take that man, she said
to herself. Identify where love comes in. I don't
see how one can possibly imagine that anybody
in the room is heroic, a beautiful. Sir a make-
believe, one knows that's not... Was
Delia in love with Patrick? They had
three children. But why! She saw the little
Graham frowning in his red woollen headed face.
The rain the hour that he so old Jean had
drawn on the rather flabby good natured face.
They did not seem very definite: rather loosely
knit, on the whole, and she had always
been her good natured to care much about
anything. The man a good kind host: very fond.
Perhaps may trouble had made them tense:
not worn, not thin. The ceiling
found he went so that she saw the lime on the
watch. Only fallen mould had found.
But the rooms was filling up. There were
new faces a number of people whom she did
not know.
Ah but I'm keeping us, said he lunch.
He was slightly hurt she felt. But not
very much. At the bottom she heard
he was as much bored by the affair as she was
He wanted to be back in Ireland, in his
old Keppen, in his

NYPL

Again the said Pam always attributed pleasure the
thought:— that in the pet man unfavourable more than
at her face. at thinking that she had hurt him than
she felt pleasure at— Therefore she would tell a lie;
produce a smile - but the smile she noted, the
mechanism to him to continue was automatic;
the caught sight of an elderly lady a contrast of white
characters in all purely social relations
pain outweighed pleasure in by about twice two
ounces to one ounce. How do they manage to take in
love! How do they manage to produce children!
She asked. And all these questions & this
desire to denigrate the knight grant moment
sprang from a casual remark of Eleanor's at
dinner to the effect that one must get into
bed. Getting out of bed, but pretending
bending the knee, that in attitudes of respectful
attention to old Patrick's old flower was,
she observed, not the most easy, not the
pleasantest of occupations. She was
Oh she sighed. That there could be an end to the
Expenses of nerve & life: that the weakest human
or death, darkness, could obliterate the expenses
of the clumsily erected edifice of the clumsily
immoralen light! Bagges The Reverend Mrs
unburdening. The prayer of the ordinary suffering
soul. Each person prayed then. And in the
middle ages rushed into convent cells: in
recent times to laboratories. Below a confession.
& the third instinct to raise some Crucifix
to shelter others. Below Eleanor had taken
the place of religion. Bending up lips: Below
women in Heaven. Taking no money. And in

NYPL

He wound me
the first
wore pointed
hands.

She said suspended, some village funeral, under the
long avenue of poplars round the meadows, & the very clever dog —
a prize of Patrick's story had suspended study: but only
for a second. And when he ended it: a thing
before she had time to count any thing, to ask this
Amadeus, too down here that funeral old
Ass, so she always called him, Bobby, her uncle
Bob? he said
Bob! she echoed. She had never told the allegation
Mean first relation - of [illegible] sad a old uncle.
A round face of bread covered [illegible] with red jam -
& that was always the last thing she ever ate when
She saw him: Why she called him "Bobby" &
Knew, by her doctor, that he loved no dead by
Cancer. Now an accidental dead: to be loved
not come after her at a party without
thinking She ever saw in me eyes & cancer.
Gay "dead" the story of the famous mare!"
he said. They used to laugh at Patrick.
The right.
"Well, All the same, you shouldn't look and
You were attending a funeral. "she said
~~At dear. Uncle did not to take~~
for we used a short kind of, the manner,
rather unfortunately. He not in my line.
~~Jane reading to be dead.~~ He or maker of
last year thinking, how far d'you
attend when people talk!
Well I know the end of Patrick story.
Were they in love! why did they marry?
You mustn't think it, but the are person "
The women who were 'in love' was my brother

NYPL

Edward..
What about family
Oh he took me down a mode of hers:
I see. She disliked that between quite true.
Thank what to me - yes "the Hotten.
The night that was why she liked her with him.
Mostly my friend, she said.
Oh you needn't like me about mother yes
friend he said Your generation has invented
a great deal. It more Exactly by in love with
the opportunity. ? she asked
You invented —
She shrugged her shoulders. Ara make a fact
Peggy was a dark hen. Very probably she had
never been in love with anybody.
So Eleanor was very old fame:
was she? But I don't think she's
minded so much as some people.
Mr. There Mr. Sandland & Lombardon.
a man the matter the Great. And next
year this year's China:
No no no, he said It time she settled down.
Is she you [illegible] him?
But we have found a husband - you probably
agree she added. Believing in Hope Your
sister - Much had they believed. Thank y
Delia -
Her great name was for Pamela — he said
lowering his voice. And yet very certain
knowledge — the name whether a friend to him:
Shall we come down.

NYPL

Perhaps the most satisfactory" he added. And then
Edward - he was a love such delightful...
And then they turned in Cairo.
Don't ye!
No.
Scenes, Peggy?
My dear Bobby, what the country seems!
Doctor and first hunting.
People live longer than they used to — they don't
die so painfully." They started the subject of
Cancer.
Yes we can do a few little tricks. But
certain people do live to so ripe old age!
I'm ashamed you longer life, he said.
I don't know that I am, she replied.
Come, come Peggy, I'm surprised at this! Where Ron-
ald such fun Richmond in this!
Certainly, Julia!
But my dear Peggy, said Ron, seriously,
I said you're not going to tell me that you don't
aren't far happier than you and I were
sixty years ago!
Sixty years ago you'd have been put away in
a dreary room, [illegible] and tea" said Bobby
Like my dear little Ron. What have we
[illegible] youth." he stared he. And very
sadly she did it.
"No no. I shouldn't [illegible] youth in [illegible] for
a Cairn" said Ron.
Give a d— d Peggy called more Ron." said
Bobby. "Yes

NYPL

you don't mean you believe [illegible] said
Reggy. If I were a stand commander this
British business ....
Damned lovely woman, said Reggy, I detest the sly.
I hate, I loathe your sly, he repeated
I just think you can get a line on [illegible] by
age, said he. Ask him how he's been treating me.
Remember the cuts? said Reggy.
ask the Name of the Game. And the Schoolmaster
That was about [illegible] he began to
play room in the hut. Penned in behind this
door. Occasion. Do I came in.
Do you did.
And no Reggy says upon the dirty rotten dia
phew - laundry.
Reggy watched them hauling each other. All
human interest fades into nuts. Each
person has a contempt him, like that marked
on the hand. The same things are said the
Reggies
[illegible] I'll tell you what. If were
a woman I wouldn't accept an honour.
wouldn't you? But [illegible] then you're
always been hushed ash by a fatuous that
Made what sickens me with you say, Pen.
Instead of thanking the whole outlook is
one [illegible], they accept: they trouble and
ash brothers you're always been hushed
ash by a fatuous you in.
Made the real Parliament you in. He don't
believe in...

NYPL

they did suggest the Inspector standing between two tenants
Aunt. Let the know that now they had done their turn;
like a Cat patting the end of its tail until mouse
The cat swallows the lot gets lost in the whole
they began over again: No. Bobby bored. Rose is
bored. Hyde both old, to do their duty talking to
old family friend. stood): she asked Emily:
Emily, there always the window. Or a picture, or
something. People at parties are given to
Examine pictures with close attention; especially
when they feel people they don't much want to talk
to - bearing down on them, like - what on earth is
her name? Not Jones, not Smith, not; but she's
somebody she met somewhere, somebody George
knows; somebody very poor, therefore
to them she had no please manners. Edgar, Walter.
To where she stood condemned to make the
appallingly effort of getting up the new waiter,
observing too wages, the Inspector, & inferred in the
Ethel personality ugly Scraggy boy.
He wanted son Gawain back together: a treat.
matter him living in London. Hyde to be
interesting. Remove one situation, & interest
another place, the Inspector: Father him out of
abroad clothes, myself him: Justice, as a
hay stack in a field. But here, second Jew:
What are you doing. Where are you living:
Hard work - Jethro on.. make a living:
Involuntarily they cut them, the effected,
he had wealth - Woman magic. a letter
Apple pencil over his documents nervous face.
Oh again: Yes, he was making living in London.

NYPL

well before your boy you hindust take me at that, they said
Listen to his daughters wife, this mother, this
Oh the appalling Epstein, the disgusted King, this
mother when Sister: "I ~~am~~ for down once more
again. That Mother them happy but it was
hard work: here am to I to create make happy!
Jesse, myster in one whose hands... yes, I was
always destined to heat fee. yes, the here
make home at servant Crow. & then Jane
for table to maintain equality in women
But what I am destined to write
Oh a long town. Oh Jim no doubt that
once I portrayed. I've always
Suppose I sat down, loved for hour may take
Shave in my bathroom, the conclusion
I conclude it. That the great difference between
the two. The enormously superior System of the male.
Mother Can stand at against it. Mother today.
And that is where I differ, the sentence, ashe
loved her the story the life; the other ey doesn't
~~subscription~~; I dont think I'm really representative
I don't want to hear hours when he wrote then
Lovers, he was telephone exhausted for 6 hours.
But how funny that the. tell me — what is the
need for sympathy, why don't I send for
attraction. Bobby, partly because he wished to
whole dark always instinctive that there was
all people under Leo were pervert.
Perhaps they were. Whether when they much
The book for planted on only a boy's man.
What had happened really was that
the mad mind started! Before that I was so
happily shecalmed that it only do one thing:
that was Education. There are dead boys
that were always bound to: that were always

NYPL

Lathund an c an c an about Nemesis: always snatches
them career & them dethrones them Juturna the
Jealous mother. Charwoman days. Debate the
Cause & the man by there; in the atrophy for
he no sympathy. No attraction Expand in him
mind. No sense & the other person. No
Anthenia. no aroma: nothing but a
impulse. But that me Everlasting. Given them
training: that to pass College: paid to learn:
Much after romance has ceased. Much why
he take to a man a like began a romance into
the autumn. How much nearer love has)
last me he began last telling me about himself
How much Breath is wanted in sympathy!
But that medal-maker, one believed. But
here am) nothing Statical, the Right body
at him. The man twitches with nervousness & this
pleasure & flattery about himself unhappiness.
To another man he would not say these things.
But he has no power & sympathy. and he
is bald as a coot all down that side & then,
that's all he can do.))) he was saying.
And then Ben. Oh! I wanted to 'love'.
Such an have 'love'. Jennie not
Romantic anymore. Only a
cripple. Odysseus, like a discredited moth,
a cranked; real — Cripples, neurotics
The name you used. Where that from?
No human has you — But he had
intended the sentimental makings of his
future. We are the living. How do you mean
be often than Everlasting pile namely),
by earthy mean the Ache of all his
sentimental adoration the old?

NYPL

Comes into the Garden Maud.

That probably explained her own inability to take an interest in any man. Never could I take an interest in any man. That became harvey interested all the interest that she had gone to her brother. They were Egotists. Egotists. How much
He had interested her one question about himself. The word I had almost 56 times entered just 5
minutes the notes. Then when she came there was I.
'I' were written all over the mantlepiece and the
Every where.
"I am a duck" the hyperintellectual lepto-
where when he sat
He looked out of the window, at the trees. Eleanor
had seen something about wood pigeon. Trees
were better than men. women. Trees stood still;
were silent. Trees
The real women: servant girls & clerks, who had to be
in, were Matthew Arnold. And then there were
The latter hovered round; where people were
Crowded. The house the visited with her bag.
The house where there was, hurrying in one room!
which he went on talking to the country.
And that why we Seemed to her
Shamefully desperate, ready, mercy practical,
accordingly how imperfectly people know each
other. Even like driving a car high London
without any lamps.
Even, each other!
(I am a duck. the hyperaesthetic hyperaesthetic
between the sense of sympathy with.
downright. The afternoon closed completely
from him. He wanted to go on talking about
himself. He perhaps And the latter to
a gentleman. he is such sense, the hyper- Or he is
make love. yes. That's the only normal

NYPL

Celia for in our generation "an Ivory Gate etc
I'm always [illegible] humorously ashamed for the next 50
years after the word, looking at her face.
Then, people caught the eye. People nearly in my dress.
They watched word & word the speech.
That little experiment had worked out absolutely just,
the thought. "I said to him I am a doctor & his
face fell. Either the nerve sympathetic's dead; or
doesn't get? what? Answer to the sentimentality of
elderly men & the war.
The rain Fragments he stems Celia,
who with her nerve & sympathy unduly dilated,
perceived, even from the other end of the room,
& Cashmere, boredom; & came thereupon along, ask
her jewels jingly, he drawly Ugly, to
with the rather forced enthusiasm of an
Englishwoman turned Frenchwoman: Celia; when;
calling the Restys had been retired in fashion where their
the dear one, & the Parisii, were much owned.
Recently Cafe, cable much people with a
Ucah of obstinacy in them — between Bobby & the
Power was — & his grandfather also had his
Legion ~~that of the Crown~~ ~~was~~ a
also in trouble. Unreadily was among the subjects the
meant to stop me these days; the Regan
Archestand thanked her, two silkworks for
haven't come. to her
It's so good of you to come all the way, when I know
how busy you are. ...
Celia, ~~tasted~~ ~~at her~~. But when she drobbed the
Celia manner She was a seemage:
that's a woman blown by the steam & she so that
nothing is fixed or still; but a haraud
woman; ~~knows~~ each — too many children
to have taken one attitudes.
The rooms low hot & the rain. "Let's when the

NYPL

window." ... I met a friend upon, a great admirer
~~he told me~~, Dr Purple. "he said, "why he's one of the
most brilliant men over seventy I've met."

Suddenly unobtrusively, ~~in those~~ Another of them
unobtrusively left; precise man like him: unobtrusively
submerged: no order were taken, Peggy obeyed,
which the flood of pleasure ran to the end of the
passage, down the stairs into the eye.
funny, mysterious what had been so separating
But before they had reached the window, the door
were always. Probably the compliment had
been enormously blown up by delia to mean the
emergency, the moment- yet there must have
been some deed struck in it.

They had reached the window; which had a
~~After~~ that ~~Kind that~~ a heavy, ~~unlike~~ difficult, forbidden,
Seventeenth Century window, ~~was~~ heavy. What struck. I know the heavy ~~shutters~~.
Wait Helen, I'll do it.
window.

She was aware she was standing beside him
what the pleasure & admiration combined
with the pleasure & love & in the whole
perfect low- yes, love is nearer: its more
spontaneous; but

"Let me" he said. ~~He held her~~ He stood beside her
his hand was with him on the window; & there
was the ring on the leg. A ring on a leg, a
rose on a foot: each supplied symbol of the
sheer, shapely, charming, unfortunate, perfectly
simple, rather staunch, by no means successful
~~or hard~~ worked fearfully; when she said - how
liked to share.

Jem knew

Jem knew Helen.
Yes, was she had for the name of the man upon whom must have been now.

NYPL

"The most brilliant of our younger Secretaries" Delia
repeated, as they stood together
Peggy was extremely grateful to her heart for
repeating the words.
That the fine hand of Hamilton's at last "the writer.
She knows he was a Lawyer: so the praise is
of course, — yes, that is not at all a bad Profession"
She meant, to have given her father back something:
They looked at the Square.
No need to count the moments, no need of an accident. In fact
Then is a good moment, I will announce Lettuce:
Then is love: Then is the state the Declaration
Your: Then is about the Telegram mean:
And is a moment eternal".
Her father had only touched her with his
Whereupon Caroline, as but he had done.
Before he said, That is something I seem to know.
Down in the Square, opposite the Town,
Every gun. Stars burst?" he asked.
That Jupe he said.
Looks like him.
Peggy lowered her eyes. "
That Jupe she said. a ...."
Come in Come in! Delia should,
adopting his name. She rapped in
the pan. The Square down below remained
perfectly motionless.
But where he got with him? said Mouse,
seeing.
Why do they come in? Delia repeated
rapidly again:
Looks as if they were rapidly something

He entirely ignored the Compliment. But had pleased her. Seem to recognise what below is real.

NYPL

with his
letter
Churchill.

[illegible] abruptly "and Mrs. [illegible] any
[illegible] machine likely. What a damned bore—
[illegible] we must face it" Peggy commented,
[illegible] my magpie & Elvira
I suppose Elvira took her back with Mother
[illegible] & Elvira like the sofa
Chan [illegible] her with a smudge on her —
the picture that he had seen at the
telephone suddenly became real to him. She had
[illegible] at the time. The human mind is an
odd piece of mechanism, he mused "the light,
[illegible] the lights slowly detach themselves
from the darkness. It must be able to show
& their why that I see that one, when I decided at
the time. Ya. Ya, intently my. The lights.
Perhaps more intently than pursued. Granted
one can do away with rely...

Yes but one came to like being alone" said Hope.
being under from anyone.. He spoke very slowly.
He had been telling them, as they to He had
you on with the story of Africa. as they drove round;
he had loved magpie, Beauty as he drew; why
he had put them, after the war. The need of
[illegible] & he found by now. notes which may
when you are round up enough for to the nearest town.
Ya ya. I understand, Thereau; If has an
Hope & Jacinta: intently to bother one:
Everything with an insight & beautiful, very,
in an [illegible] way. Intense. Great.
a bleached look. Flower. Trees. Nature.
Oh architecturally beautiful. And no
Probably very good for an - a my head. A
[illegible] dozen pictures in ones soul.
Everything has a beat in the centre. Here then

NYPL

always a court: pewter, together. no solitude allowed
at last I could get used to the life. Human beings
seemed to me to smell. Couldn't bear myself to eat
a tuber. Everybody breeding in everybody's beds.
And all that chatter. Eighty flabby about money &
potatoes. Ger. They got out, stayed under the
tree for a moment. Opposite the house.
And then, I'd so set after I'd cached my dime.
Stared at the door, wondering mothering Hebe:
Shall we be allowed to smoke before! said Ger.
No. said Margie. We shut the door back.
No peanut or mickey cigarettes he said.
Four years, said Margie. were there!
bed! And the nature
No adverse difference, he said. The shaw. when it
Thunders you can't hear it for rolling away,
over the hills: and the colours Margie & this
hotter Certainly white & red.. Wonder
under such the air: what that line of smoky
about the thunder Hatley over the hills!
Everything was warm. there or all
Mitchell up: broken with cotton bits. only
after a bit I became dreary. and after I
did then - when one change did. Et both
days to Tetra dark. that you know the
people you did not. on old fellow,
Were the windows was shining up, a
a woman [illegible] Three figures appeared
And lots yellow flowers in Percy:
And then the heat—
Look here we must go on, said Ger.
Knock on the hope at the racing:
Amazon letter flower. And hurried he calmer:

NYPL

sounds could be heard since so far away here. A
flock of sheep —
~~We want you~~. the
Delia knocked again.
Come in, come in! she said.
It's damned bad manners standing here" said Peggy.
They moved reluctantly.
~~The next [illegible]~~ gate [illegible]. A man whose
an autumn have crowded the lower steps to go
Generals. The voices of duty. Cavalcade.
which they hear. The voice ~~like~~ a nightingale
rising out of love in the wailing of the heart.
he hears it: & follows it — back, he goes in,
handing over the threshold of the home dedicates,
She stopped on the pavement to read the names
of the different societies that had their rooms
there to [illegible] Peace, clean milk, &
all the mother [illegible] welfare of the
They gather among round her; she was about to
lag behind & give them the slip he knew
Don't miss [illegible] when you've [illegible]
Twenty [illegible] reading the names of the [illegible] she
But there the bead had [illegible], [illegible].
minute, there in the door, [illegible] the [illegible]: Clothed
Thunder stalked among the [illegible]; [illegible] shook her head:
with thunder the [illegible] the nightingale voice,
& a [illegible] of [illegible],
very [illegible] in the [illegible] — [illegible] of
It was [illegible]. Maggie. She [illegible]
Their cloaks
Was it? said Maggie:
Yes. That was the [illegible] were the clothes [illegible].
That's where I
She [illegible] to the [illegible].

NYPL

Nat. & Hobby com.
Inasse combed her hair. & came on to bed. The
Room was heated with charcoal. Com. blue
white:
Come aby the road party. Lady he rode & the head
they marked up the chin. ~~Bargoto the~~
Sleeper to the room as they found them.
There were parties at the dilapidated rooms.
Rebels & property in Naples & suffolk partak.
of agricultural land ready for development.
Rooms that were admirably suited for
Hotels as Melancholy instances. Then
they came to the Rep & danger that Delei
announced the beginning of privacy:
Nat.
Inasse found to Jesse as they reached the top of the Ham.
If only people had cared for the Rep that make,
& not for the Rep that destroy the raw
& give the manner to the mind

NYPL

"Yes it was extraordinarily beautiful" said Jessy.
They were standing under the tree opposite the house,
waiting for Penny to finish his tape before they went in.
He had been telling them ~~them~~ ~~~~ about Africa,
~~They wanted for him to~~ He had been ~~saying how~~
trying to decide his life there; but as all that
vast man he could only break off little fragments,
rather clumsily. he felt: beginning again
~~each time~~ as they stood silent.
~~I had a kind of~~ One had a kind of craving
after living all that time in a herd, his ~~mind~~ mind;—
I felt ~~I had to~~ to do as living in a man of people...
And there ~~was~~ one was miles from anyone—
~~Curiously as one can~~ Jessy
He stopped. They were all silent. Tomboy
was arriving at the door. They watched the
~~into the~~ Cab, & the door opened, & they
want more a torpe! said ~~Maggie~~ Penny
~~Very~~ miles away" said Jessy.
How far was the nearest town!" Penny asked.
Eighteen" said Jessy.
~~Good Extraordinarily beautiful~~ " said Maggie:
~~At the country~~, yes" said Jessy. "Human
things seemed to smell when I came back" he added
Couldn't force myself to go into the Lube.
~~Everybody standing on each other's toes~~.
~~They~~ A cat came slinking past on the opposite
side, Hugh the lighted ships ~~out~~ then
vanished down an area.
Edna "What wonderful view!" he asked
Maggie
"Marvellous. Things worthed as of yes

Didn't
disagree
but
I'd love my—
he concluded—
years.

The cat was
found all
the finish
went

NYPL

you could touch them miles away. White & blue & a
wavering opal colour – all perfectly distinct
something like with the air:
the colours!
white, & blue, & opal – no fiery, shaded
lovely morning. And then, in the dead
silence, suddenly more would be thunder –
one report ..."
Three figures appeared again at the red blind. The
window was thrown up.
"Look here, we must go in," said Renny.
"It thundered magpie specially.
yes: & lightning again," he added. The whole
place suddenly was crash-bang..
Renny knocked on the hope and
Come in, come in!" Delia cried.
I say that my bed, Antony," he continued
The thunder ate wood ....
Renny knocked on the hope again & the racket.
We must go in
he repeated.
But for a moment they stood perfectly still.
Then they crossed over a floor to the doorstep.
A great many names were written on either side
& Elvera looked at the left them.
Then magpie broke the silence – Well, come
colony, she said;
They went into the house. A maid showed
them into the room that was already
full of clouds & reds.
"You was the room," said Elvira: "yes I sat
"You was here," said Elvira: "yes I sat
over there, in the window." She went to

NYPL

that the yard where the clothes hung. The men looked out into the back yard. It was oddly patched with light from the upper windows, & divided by the lines & the garden walls into oblongs, rectangles, across which trees stretched their branches, making another uneven lattice. They looked for a moment, to standing together, & then Masse led the way upstairs; for the rooms of office that had been thrown open; rooms where there were dead black deed boxes under the tables. They other rooms had been thrown open, & they glanced in as they went up. at there were black dead boxes with the names of dead people in white letters; there were at portes cochères; outlet they came to the drop & blue carpet that announced the beginning of privacy.

Masse flung back the door:

"Now very nice of you to come!" said Delcie

Lathrop hung rather at random.

"Mayn't I run you standing in the depression.

"Mayn't I recognize you, Percy the said. And now, who do you know? who don't you know!

Look there! ah you shall, Cecile, you cannot, you

Ines & Lafayette — Yes, I see you lonely

Cecily all the generation now are so merged;

In one day, we sealed our parents each made mine

perhaps. Perhaps, even a year by! Yes,

perhaps not. Anyhow, the present moment.

as we live in the present... do they call

you Aunt Elvira! No. Mayn't not.

But I'm old enough to be your aunt. Maybe I'm

really your cousin. Yes, our family is

terribly merged. Cousin and friend, Aunt-

Formerly yet angular.

NYPL

are Corean.

The startled lady jerked suddenly and the hand and up that vase. She stretched at her hand.

That your boy "the end to happi- Mme ? Where are mine. Now we is yours Dame- Jes. Hege clean

the yunger generation- They hegen the day with mani.

My boy- the continent seamy lun- has the

Stamosphere on at breakfast. She have mem

all day by- I declare ! " she exclaimed

reading becomy impatey mean (verson

I about think mani regret to be treated as it

were a thing to eat to. No, not on my hom.

I don't mind with her. Dance mine, that another thing. yours people

ment Dame. Its upset the stomach. They

wasn't a stamosphere was allegy in the habit wa.

Well do just as you like, " the continent.

Yes, do just as you like, " he husband echoed he.

She stood like a bear on the hate yes hom,

which is used as a hey for hats & coats.

Just as you like. he nodded.

Help me to move them tables, said Delia.

If they yunger Dance. They'll upset everthy,

Oh dear me. what he did ! hey stomach &

stand them on yes ! what ever did Dame

verson hegin to a pank like the is ? the

Continent. take up a jare stomach (take them on

the mantelpiece. " Now the room did look so

nice before asked Dame - I stood here,

Ivan says to Patrick -

Come (rub hands me, Ely " said Diana,

Waterlily on the hand. her count Dame.

We'll watch the other dancy.

NYPL

"Like a play" said Eleven, "they don't even breathe
Shaun. in the stalls. Now what are they going
to do?"
They watched the couples taking each other hands.
Shaun laid his hand on Eleven's knee.
Ivy, not here, said Nicholas. "They're looking at people
dancing. Look at how reverently they take it!
Look how silent they are. Why
They just watch them dance. The couples were
very slow silent. They moved slowly. They seemed
to be performing some ancient dance, some
mystical ceremony, some long delayed ecstasy
which was entirely repressed by the music: only
the slow waving, cramping, the cerebral
movement.
"It's much more serious than the old dances, don't
and to dance. at least to look at; you're not
dancing really: Oh, Nicholas, she continued, breaking to him
as he turned down beside him, "it's a stalk for your life!
The actual. It's not a play." Oh, my baby
that a silly thing to say," he remarked. "Oh, my baby
added. Became aware "we're nearly before it is
always more in number than either we can
like compare it to) Nicholas ; why does
Helen pretend she's an intimate ; why does
Maggie pretend that she does not admire
her children!" Why ...
Oh we all pretend a little," said Shaun. "
Until became we are afraid of each other."
And look at the women, Nicholas continued
There's the most interesting of all;
She has no style under the sun. She can only
Evelyn. She's a perfect example of the kind

NYPL

without hands: the a unfounded, the a inward, the can only
so entire direction me — the inward — bed he. Ill lay
my eyes by me in he heart, he hands work mine he
understanding. Home) between the night storm! tun)
wear the night wounds! The dear not but for
family. Positively high family at what) — Mother. the
Crowned fool . . ."

But for mutual stare — Mother and steam.
But then 'redeem' chapel. Cushy chaps.. Carry
here with steps, — no a love before me stranded, at
Jane, what jewelry I saw. I mean,
my mother has:
~~what colour was it? and then.~~
we are a-a play, we are a-a play "then
repeated.
He a-a cigarette.
Thine and L. in my pocket for conceded have dear
that.
Analine away and then: Which a-ale into
Hand: a then what not!
Ah then we shall be able to make a real
family: a-a-y fruit: when we are Educated.
How for love me. ~~Thank for~~ Dr. for them

NYPL

Eleanor sitting by the weak wretched ant + Caspar
touched Eleanor:

"Come + watch me, Elly" she said, "the ants are dancing
I saw you — not since I was in India; I believe"
The night that Eleanor locked Lizzie + Elinor outside
Maa — rather as she had locked Jean ago when she
Came in to that underground party of Maggie:
Yes. I'll watch you" she said sinking down on to a stool
beside Eleanor. The room so silent that Eleanor
felt that she was only half aware of what was going on.
The room was ~~becoming empty~~ being emptied — all the
Chairs + tables were being packed against the walls.
These people — Jones she said — we took it
watch them. Eleanor I need with you, didn't he?" she
asked. More he was, than helping to move table,
very slow + rather remote looking: And the three two:
a shape for ~~him~~ her father about! she asked.
What were you ~~going to do~~ doing? + ~~Elinor~~ + the
+ Africa + ~~Elinor~~ + Eva — oh ~~Enid~~ are
both darkness eyes" in the middle of the dead.
Jane asleep + dreaming Eleanor smiled.
And we talked of Jean + Eleanor" she said + she a pain.
That was the second time that ~~was~~ ~~too~~
one the younger generation had taken her the
Feeling that she was somehow rejected:
"Eleanor, why + ~~Elinor~~ + taken + prayer the words
such her hand + her "she remembered; then
Reggie had called he "reflected" she remembered.
~~Eleanor~~ ~~used~~
The gramophone began to play in the back
room.
What a bore time? she asked.
Oh the story always begins in the same way.
Round the tea table. But now go on"

NYPL

But there was no story "~~Clarence~~ and Sloane.
Yes. The story of your life."
Well, ~~he~~ once upon a time, "Sloane began, as of the
were telling a story to a child – There were four children
& three brothers, & they lived in a very large house in
Aberdeen Terrace. & ~~but in the dining room~~ the drawing room?
You'll know he asleep" a long room with a window that opened on a garden.
The saw. Where Bobby shot the Kyrie cats –"
Yes. And there was a Dutch cabinet in one
Corner ~~that always the way the children~~. And
Mama's picture ~~&~~ over the mantelpiece.
~~And there he would sit~~. And papa would come in:
And then, when I'd come in from
my school, ~~I used to knock the door~~ – &
~~Mama was sit.~~ & there was a fire &
somebody had to talk with mama. He was sit.
And Morris would come in. In fact
everybody was always coming in & out. &
Molly would say do my hair & then mama –
Delia would say, no, I'll go then Emily, &
go one you did go: & then, the Robbed
Go on Sloane, said Steve:
I want go a. I think & too may thy: I don't know
what to say. You is I'm pretty old. & that
what happen... you is, mama was sit &
~~one she had to talk with he~~ "the panel.
I can think also may thy... ~~that~~ was the light
Mama died, the said; that why I remember also well.
Pitty asked papa with ate the bells; & the
Allen to answer. And Bobby, walnut.
Bobby, walnut! Steve asked.
Yes, the died" said Steve.
Yes the dew. And I remember pitty asked her

NYPL

table & thanks "my youth is over!" And Crosby came in & said,
how the Venetian race was broken up by the Lodgings had
put the flowers in a mahogany.
The bride ab.
what about! Eyes to like the day after.
I wonder how can I give you any notion what even
like was!
"It is an ~~better~~ letter.
"We had a day, Flora: & he lay on the mat in the
hall: a ~~he had a~~ one day your father came to call —
~~you see it was not a story. It's a trouble~~ Now
you see what romance is. And I remember
thinking now) make sense yet ... that
I don't think) did. And hearing my bell
waking up, down my bedroom — & then
the College I built with Aunt Lydia my
& the old woman coming down the chain gate,
where we where the damp came in: And
Dublin the builder. And my father down
accent. Oh & I remember buying a necklace for
Marian Crosby. And your mother & you father —
you as children. ~~And~~ Oh dear, how people die,
~~two days after~~. The horn in Bronne street
to Gyambi: & your mother playing the piano & the
Italian manservant who played bagatelle, &
always seemed to be knocking down —
Much the kind of dancing one ... There!
They retrieve; the dancing began, my slowly —
(inclining at first.
"Then I went to Greece & Sicily & Carthage.
Yes. I stood at the top of the Parthenon & Acropolis.
And hey — how about ~~to remember~~ for
like hey one remember au- hey
arranger hen crest at the like looking down on the
looking — Hey he stood me that great ashen-
ash Papa died; — I said the last the horn —

What the
mean get
at.

NYPL

I can still see Crosby taking the tea pot – & the day –
whatever the day's name – the rest is same day
always have – Lovers – no distant towns – I wonder,
if Mowse would remember – well where was I? –
The waiter in a low wheeled cab with the day
as ~~as~~ as it passed the corner. I remember very
vaguely, thank God that's over, & yet the tea
I went into Mrs Lamley who kept the lodgings
at the corner of Melrose Avenue. And now it's all
gone.
Dear me, said Elsie.
Oh but how
they were silent.
In short it was a very ordinary life: I was a
very ordinary person. Bloody now remember as that.
And yet, how very happy I've ~~been~~, how very unhappy....
And how tremendously interesting often....
Good what's going to happen next! I don't
mean to myself, but to everybody? A redbush
Rover! That was the dog's name. A redbush
hairy dog, ~~which~~ that Bobby bought at
Hurlamlin to catch rats which it never did."
~~I've talked for ages~~ "he asked.
Whatever can you talk about?" asked
Bobby, clothes not yet thin.
The past "sighed Eleanor.
No: I don't like the past" he said, ~~turning away~~ I love
the present – I like that enough better. Lady
~~not Everybody at this moment.~~ So much
I like the present. I like this room – I like this
Yes but my dear Bobby said Lady Lavender
who was with him, The present ~~is~~ wouldn't be
the present ~~at~~ moment for the past. and

I hate the present

NYPL

~~Lady Landrade~~

She had been running on like that, Lady Ilmby,
because, save for a manner, Elvira said nothing:
probably she was half asleep: bored. days lost to the
dancers. As Elvira said nothing, she stopped.
The ~~fierce a fierce bobbin~~ made a fierce little noise
Lady Laughs, hey sigh. That was all she could
make out, when someone asked her. The name of a dog or a
a table, a chair, a stone here, there: words
like' feather "mother' that never meant
nothing to anybody. And yet something had been
very real, very important. Those seventy odd years,
stretching back to a far distant memory — a
garden — had been to her very real to be.
And to us, they are figures looking at the people in
the room: moving. Helen, Ken, Bobby: Edward.
We all had lives: we all go back over tracks, laid
down, each one has a long strip laid down;
but it vaguely grey: Nothing will be left of it
I'm the only person now, the keeper, who remembers
Edward ~~frozen~~ better than anyone became Katy
when ~~he~~ I who heard that all those
days by the. I who am the centre of so many
people's life. I can communicate them, we told them
much later. all human life is meant for the same.
Think the innumerable lives, & the knots they
made; think how many pathways run here -
from back into the past; & over, & in, & out
held together in people's minds; & these
seemed to see the past heaped up with names
urban of people recently & glancingly, long
& narrow streams of life that crossed each other.
& new ones all bloom out. For the
The house still remains. The trees ~~stay~~ in a
old hum — But nothing human remains.
Three days, three Crowhen. Then Sea Salter. Then

Sefton away
blank ma here
& parish
which the his
name.

NYPL

George & brother Jules — all that dreadful old dream
the dream of home, — not as they
remembered. Not as wish they remained. Hetty
never caught it. Rattles & treasures, they remained,
like trash & stone; but the love, the strong,
the meaning & passion, the old home brother ago,
the love which is the sun & the wind, the tears,
the yellow ones which the Egyptian
Road, & the woman who said. I'll do the
I'll do that — the effort is to be this keeper —
not that pain, — none of that remained.
Not for ages then. The richest the best &
great wish to set her brother Jules together: to
collect round some table again; to say we
remember: we are; we speak not let their
past die:
But the cat silently watches the dancers.
They were all very young. They were making the steps of
life. Just as she had made them. Some the knew:
others she did not know. to teach.
But what were the things, the thoughts,
And yet, she said; She spoke the words aloud.
Clara stirred.
So on Eleanor, so on, she said.
But I can't say what I want to say, need Eleanor.
Nevertheless, the last that remained, was then to
take to clarified & sharpen her idea.
Let me see. Yes we were looking at the
dancers; & were talking sentimental.
Yes then: how they vanish.
Yes. Yes.
And then, Clara; & strange me what memory!
mean, oh dear how can I make you
understand! such, once I played with Morris

I wish I could find words for my
ideas —
a thought
struck her.

NYPL

in the country. I looked at a star every night & hoped in the church. People were singing, people in carts, going home. And that may seem to me now. And I thought, — that's what I meant. Still we're not only ourselves. I think, for those we're parts of something else: & this night I can't remember about French poetry — I mean when you laugh, thinking then as you laugh last — in fact I'm sure, was convinced that there's something we don't know about. A kind of shape? No, an element in life that's important: that doesn't get accounted for. Something that, when we fall into the rut of daily, when we are ordinate about the past we are only acting what has been laid down for us by our ancestors. What we're outlined: what's unreal: yet now we are curious of worse than different: & that are this marvellous thing in life: to upset the old rhythm. The old rut: this mean for us. It's so cheap, so banal: but there's another — Yes, just a different one. Richer, cleaner, we all feel that, and clean. Do you see! for ever! Let's a damned jolly fun, We are in dancing to. Listen. You hummed the phrase. But I don't make it clear: I heard it Ireland many. one finds hearing in some cheap Ireland in the next age:

NYPL

[illegible] was such likely. She'd join me a drink — an orchid perhaps. And I remember looking at the clock after four. The result letter perhaps. And then my [illegible] wasn't him any more: [illegible] Why an orchid Nicky — we became — only. Meant to me, [illegible] and just happy to understand what there is in life: to be kind: remember. And only thing that is, by making mercy. mercy.

~~The mercy, a toy trot~~ The dancers as they ~~& clasping each other tightly~~ almost hid each other, as they swayed round, in & out, clasping each other tightly. ~~The toy trot as the~~ The gramophone ~~as if happened by the~~ in turn to the toy trot that was ~~turned~~ played on the piano when.

"A damned cheap tune!" Elven exclaimed. very hotly.

"Where the only boy in the world" she began mechanically it. "& you were the only ~~boy~~ girl ~~left~~, like a ~~The~~ ~~Ki~~ you to go on all night, ~~boy left~~, like a machine."

Eleanor lay back in her chair. the wondered why had she had not been able to explain. ~~the~~ a damned cheap tune ~~to dance to~~," Elven revealed. Oh ah, oh ah, ooh ahh ooh the ~~third again~~ intoned the morning "Not Nursery, Coarsely accented tune. ~~I'll get into bed~~ ~~soon baby~~ ~~I'll get into bed with me~~ ~~you~~ ~~I'll get into bed with me~~ And ~~Heffen~~ ~~cocktails for tea~~ ... I'll get into bed Will get into bed with me, I'll get into bed cocktails & tea?" wedger. And what [illegible] on the cocktails & tea Where the only ~~fool~~ girl in the world, & you were the only he. ... ~~you dance to~~ Nicholas damned cheap tune. ~~broke off~~." said Nicholas. He had come in, a Good Evening

fee ~ v l
v the
lo oo v v ld
And then there
Cocktails
there's tea.

NYPL

had just come in, & edged round the room to avoid the dancers,
he stood beside Eleanor.
Eleanor looked up. Somebody tall was standing beside her.
It was Nicholas. He had just come in, & edged round
the room to avoid the dancers, stood beside her.
"How nice to see you!" she said, giving him her hand.
"You've been a damned cheap time," said Eleanor,
looking up at him. He took a chair by her side.
"Eh, Nicky Eleanor," as he drew up a chair beside
her; "I beg your ~~pardon~~ [illegible] pardon."
As he sat down, suddenly she remembered how
much she had talked to him; so that when he came in
& sat beside her, it was like joining in a long
argument. He had seen him only the night before.
But there was something she wanted to say,
something that had stuck in the middle of the night.
She tried to remember what it was. They
had been arguing about politics the night before as the
Hat.
"You've been a damned cheap time," Elvira repeated.
"Oh there you are!" said Nicholas, taking her hand a
moment. Eleanor had long given up
wondering what that relationship was. They
~~looked~~ [illegible] knew each other by sight
[illegible] shook hands
with each other. He scolded her for
calling him Mr. It did not seem to her
to matter any longer, what peace word
one used of people's relationship. Once
marriage had been so important — now, what
did it matter ~~if married~~ or not married.
Except that now & again a marriage left
Nicky, Masseis, seemed different. He said.
look, he said to him, "there's something I want to
ask you. I had [illegible] I thought ..."
"Yes?"
"Don't [illegible] now, don't hang," he said.
They sat silent.

NYPL

Who is that chap!" said Jorge, more, when they beside
Eleanor. He was too But the girl he had been
Darcy who did not know. "A foreigner. I think so by the look of him" she laughed.
Who he was? she asked. "You see I don't know
anybody here." she added. "You see I'm only a second
second season" she explained. I was just
brought out."
The dance was over. They went downstairs to find
something to drink.
"You know I don't know my hostess" she added.
I wish you'd present her after me."
There over there — that tall woman —
dressed in a pink" she said.
Eugene found Peggy! Jorge asked her partner as
they passed her.
What's his name, he explained, as they made their way
through the crowd, at the door. He could not
think what one said next. He had not even
caught her name. But she was extraordinarily
pretty, like Spanish amazingly much
complete stranger. a Woman very amazingly much
complete stranger: a girl with a white face, perhaps
who would be one day some when she was quite
just moment. You gave him a to wait
minute an instant. He wanted to
avoid her for Peggy whom he saw standing
in the door way He wanted to get away
alone with the girl. There must be a
garden, a roof or some place. He
wanted to start completely fresh. He felt
himself becoming different.

NYPL

"What were you saying about the when I interrupted you?"
said Nicholas; at last.

"Oh only that it's cheap magic; & that we dare be very
thankful" said Elvira: "Will begin again in a
moment. We'll go on all night" The Fat Lady
Cecilia spoke the gramophone began again. The
Duncan collected members from different parts of the
room.

"No I can't remember," said Eleanor. "What," she added,
"I remember much plainer than all
Lumbo and higgledy piggledy: & they all
look I were taught till Elvira a story: I
got muddled," said Eleanor.

But when I came, Elvira was very drunk
cheap manner." said Nicholas. "What a cheap manner."
Oh very over got to Sam once, busy for the sake Sam
old Grandmother, a "my brother who thought
fought the head when the Roman invaded
Petch, . I provide for his orphan children" she
sneered, imitating his voice. "And to you weary
diamonds in your short fingers & letters the nobility.
Vassa," said Eleanor & hurly: "Was a fought he one
Elvira marvelsome energy.
"Was it Sam my boy. Was pretty fun" he said.
But why diamonds, Nicholas: diamonds on his
short fingers & letters the nobility per England.
Seats in the front row, by Jove. Standing
room only.

He mended that, Eleanor thought. Naturally.
He was Lollington that he But there was
some truth in it. He had moved into better women.
He listened the time later: But between
such which that he had got from relations.
And when Lord was a letter Hamburgant, etc.

NYPL

most foreigners. It was hearing her generously, his warmth. It was that probably that had made him come to towards her the night the raid at Kenya, called "Eleanor" he had called her arena. Often he liked flattery, he liked fame.

And what about that fine lady, Eleanor, to parties who lives on her mother heads, in different-coloured stockings" he said.

Eleanor threw her head down. There was fight in that boy. Eleanor Nyst. The man over lovely, what had she done? Nothing very much And, came to a party why not at least be that one's stockings matched? And make up Eleanor, a meeting a boy's temper. She looked at gave the people she knew, he became even the man difficult to decode, became the recruit - colony. for Nicholas loved her. And I love you boy, the boy, mainly he came to let, green den he thanks, let in effective. like something crippled the name had dropped her, the room, running down the kitchen stairs to greet her lover. that was the story. But there were several other versions:

"You shall be sorry," Eleanor said, Nicholas let out in front stepper. Eleanor blue, eyes pink, Nicholas. He was tight eyes I was dying in the dawn. He was lurching when they were right in the next room. And Margot, forced them into the air, began wear them.

"But what I mean, Eleanor, said he hung. You can't be my young fun agent who always gets a part. The people we are kind of, that fun, the people we are young for, are the people who - don't make - who feel, without any effort. only

are was blue, one n.

NYPL

She was not sure. They were laughing about something together. They were very loud & each other. They were drunk together by some solemnly deep bond. They depended on each other. See how they demanded each other. Look how they cling together. Look how the alone he knows, Look how they seem to broaden new life into the darkness, every time they meet. Oh the infinite number of unhappy things.

"What were you talking about when I interrupted you?" said Nicholas. Eleanor shook her head. "Whole together my own name not" she said. What Eleanor was saying was "Elvira began. Eleanor twitched nervously looking at her. She was saying it's damned cheap music we dance to, Nicholas: & I say Jo. damned cheap music". She was making up words, round by her presence, apparently. "Look at Jo: with diamonds in your hair pom. seats in the pantomime, Lu: ey. Shaking more money than you need, by Jesus the same they owe, over again. The need to show the pantomime here Christ."

"No no no, said Eleanor. "That wasn't what I meant: She wanted to protect her poor Elvira's brilliance. She hyst make the mendies. "Yes, yes" he replied. What the rags - justice. ~~I like Jane I like~~ Of course, there was some truth in it, Eleanor reflected. He had moved into her room. He liked Jane. He liked Hatty. But ~~I was not~~ her love was rather Nam Magent Jewels - She looked at the 'Seaman' — Stevens only pants, — was pushing her nervously, & she wants. Moreover the smell that had made him come lowered & each he 'Eleanor

NYPL

Chapter VI.

And what about the fine lady who lives on other
peoples ramps- & comes to parties in different
Coloured Stockings!" he said.
There was just another row, Eleanor thought.
Then he Elvira had done nothing with her hair. But
then again, opinions alone dropped on, running
down the kitchen chairs to greet her lover?
Elvira stuck her left out in front of her.
Quite true" she said "one blue.
It was dim in the dark; Vivian turned to what they
were saying next door. And maybe forced
them into the car. "Wear them! she
said." She spoke Gaelic when she was manne.
It was impossible to say if she was hurt Elvira
never cared or not. She always seemed to
act a part.
~~So.~~ ~~But~~ The
~~And then Eleanor said, the tune~~,
the dance began again. People came
Clustering back into the room.
And then ~~she said~~, – Elvira looked at
Eleanor, what a beautiful cloak, she remarked
taking the stone in her hand, a pale blue
rough silk; ~~the~~ Yes, very beautiful.
~~Eleanor is to my mind~~ But ~~I'm~~ where did you get it?
~~At~~ In ~~India~~. Persia. ~~It~~ It is a
Greater cloak ~~Thank~~. The natives wear
~~wonderful clothes then~~.
Yes V. She wants a cheap restaurant
Invites, a family kind of place. where they

NYPL

Gulph dun.
Cheap ices

playthings for a baby. Vast numbers of middle class
people during parties: Hats: during
and she said to him, whatever ails you, Mrs
Ayles ails, who stood [illegible] there
Confinement any hope.) who whenever he
Love & the Man. for the [illegible] are
Go the Church you would? by Co Company
Whatever calm it, stood to attempt limits,
the dear where the right the stand, & the Man...
Forego the hand her belt which came to
Love & Eighteen.
Which was touches like that "land Steam Laying.
Only I've no body whatever in Dead "the added.
Who no "said Nicholas exclaimed.
That would be" — what is the Question)
want? I cannot think. What is the
Please, you have fun putting the tail in the
mouth? (what the Please. Steam. for
the head in the sand? what the please) water
?"
Steam. are
And to the west down the West Steam
Column, diverging him, like a great ship with its
Each steam, a funny on the bosom of the sea;
a ship with whole sails; whether or splendid
Ships! How does it go on? I can't conceive"
Not like that, my dear "land Steam.
remembered the Zeg Harper Scaffolding:
a low the head Mayor that Cruelty: was
Jolly: & the Mouth of the burial Jerry men.
The replied.
I went home to Mar: & — that call."

NYPL

Thank — he knew for certain — what would, silly,
they say." said Nicholas, shaking up flowers, my dear —
oh we met last night!" he broke off, stretching out his
hand to George, who had come up.
He was looked uncomfortable. His eye twinkled - He had
lost his property both completely. Chaman - Good
both Eh, last night at Chaman - Good
Evening Chaman. You're looking very well. You're looking
very handsome - I like you in that clothes.
The same to you," she replied. She thought the
same then both so well. Nicholas, the
name, both his surname seem ye, because she liked two
many Z's in it. Cannot you sought
Dance? she asked, for the music had begun again.
Now under Eleven with known me "he said,
bowing to her with an affected air, and he had to beckon
as quickly. Chaman had stretched one & saw her hand on
") with dance with you " she said, laying
her hand on his stretched her hand on
Nicholas. the one; & Nicholas ran.
They stood for a moment, watching. Then they
circled away,
What an odd looking man!" George exclaimed.
He sat down beside his aunt. "They don't
know how to dance with " he said, watching
them for a moment. "There always
something comes about Eleven - that he
said. He makes me laugh."
He turned to Chaman - the little adventure with the
unknown girl had turned out well. At the
theatre, she had her ear waiting for her: she was
going somewhere else. But she
took her name & address on a slip of paper which

hastily.

NYPL

he had in his waistcoat pocket. He was going to see her
to-morrow.

"What luck finding you alone!" he said; he felt
extraordinarily bold & pleased. & noticed that, between
who could see it. He put his hand on her knee
for a moment. "It's the first time since I've been
back. "~~You're the most fortunate woman in~~
~~London I'm told.~~ ~~Good news~~ alone - Everybody
wants to see you he said.

Mrs Hadley answered him. Let me, he began,
would ask him what he was doing: But
and she thought she saw for the change. An
& a pleased expression came into it
Hadley "he murmured. Hadley."
A large woman rolled down in the rocking chair
~~beside him~~

"Well Jesse she said, How nice to see you back again!"
Now the family hemmed him in. Now the
world & the jobbers & newspapers, and there's a
an end to anything "he began. "Now at all hazards
Hans Eleanor, has Hughie?" he remembered
Maggie married & family later before they came.
He listened, to Hadley jibes talking maliciously:
he was in much need thereof that he was
able to make something of the mental pattern of
letters rose ~~out~~ the question that now began
between the two sisters weaving a web rose
web all over everything. May is doing this
Phyllis is in France, ~~James~~ Jenny is in
Scotland, Connie is in London having
the babies advanced ... yes, she had any
remember a grandchildren now - a Hugh, -
here he was. The vast bulk of Hugh Jesse
loomed over them.

"My dear boy now don't set on that chair"
he said, as Jesse offered him ~~the rather~~
her one rather friendly seat. "You must find

NYPL

me something more substantial." They retired down
in a little group. [illegible] on her husband's forearm, gave utter-
ance to a little laugh which had been at first articulate speech,
but, a grammatical, upset a moment, became
merely "tut-tut tut-tut tut tut" to which he
replied, as they moved, with the noises that grown
make to their horses. Chew chew chew chew chew
chew." They were commencing upon the
scene before them: and that seemed to him, was
what it came to. Hugh in fact, his uncle was
that is what they meant by grandchildren. They
[illegible] grandchildren: & the grandchildren owned him
always seemed to him like one of those pleasures
of memory, that break off into other agonies
involuntary effort. You owed it that by
reason of the hurt. One bracelet was wedged
in the flesh above one. A little jewel
rested between the high cliffs of the heart. Her
face was colourless, except for a brownish
tan, from the tennis. Her hair was
Columbia, rare for a girl of the
of the New York generation, a yellow flame,
The was parsimonious, meant, an organ meant
for providing more than
The was [illegible] well off: was settled:
completely: & comfortably: The was content
ended in. hung exactly as it should to be
Wounded by the hymn: and then was the
hope that spreading duty. There were
the people for whom the word was made.
They had rounded it, padded it
pronounced it.
Uncle was offering him a [illegible]

NYPL

They were asking him to come & stay with them in December:
he can send you a little cub-hunting" her uncle was
saying: Adam & Eve, he & Peggy used to call
them: became in no way did they differ from
our original parents staying at the Towers was
Primeval. The men hunted & shot: the women
[illegible] & were content. He came
home from a days hunting, found [illegible] another baby
upstairs: and that baby had another baby. And
that baby had another baby. The eldest
[illegible]. The eldest male child: could nothing
be done about it? Nothing that anyone
could think of, he says. Unless my uncle Peggy he
kept, watching her at the head opposite
[illegible] a fine man, can do something with
her glance. Drops a little sharp cynical note
[illegible], make them swallow it. But
they would not swallow it. They wound-
Yes, you must [illegible] my cheque in one hat
She cried, High mean Peggy!
[illegible] & my uncle, [illegible] added: [illegible] has
my nice neighbours, now that the Bathurst [illegible] you.
Right & just [illegible] Nei [illegible] to [illegible] Phillips-
Oh, no — he's a good fellow: [illegible] has his
right way. [illegible] new paper "he explained
to Peggy: [illegible] parliament the [illegible] to know
what new [illegible] the whole world
[illegible] absence who but Phillips was. That is
for surely, the really [illegible] all London knew who [illegible] Phillips was...
He spoke more [illegible] a degree a [illegible]
under the weight [illegible] head. And
Clare — the women were [illegible] he kept
the [illegible] had [illegible] gay [illegible] cried [illegible]..

NYPL

There was a breathless silence between the
Uncle much harder to pay Letters to than Uncle
Newcastle. Hyde agreed.
But the Letter was always paid with Uncle Nathan:
even the worst.
Maggie approached. And just as
as some Uncle amorphous bodies start by
while Uncle to attract heat to them, we
Melly ~~it~~ Caught Maggie; she had come
dangerously near the Uncle; she was rushed in to the family
Group. She had to say, Good Evening Melly.
just put her hand in that great butler paw.
Even the Entrance the Queen who had been hi
when he came up from his Audience — but 9 2c
what pretended like Hyde, Melly (adorable) —
were jealous + interested him.
a) must speak to you" he said absently.
Probably always unknown, unrecognised by even
Queen on the rich with them ramparts. but
He had received Maggie at least from that
Contamination — Lamentable.

Enclosure

But she ignored him. She ~~refused~~ answered all the
previous with perfect composure; as after
training prevented her with a comfort ~~complete~~
subject to be used in Emergencies. The room was
Hyde at college; her daughter was dressing with other girls
both if they were called to Lead the Letters, he
replied, resuming their seats down beside Melly in the chair
He had left Melly, one must face the fact.
Queen was nodding off. The whole burden rested upon
them then; & he was about to apply himself
the task of producing facts. He had the immense
vacancy of their almost non-existent lives, — such

1934
Oct 11
H 23

Ceremony

NYPL

the wife of ~~long married~~ the 20 year-
wealth ; greenhorn & the Phelpses who put log my
Candles in the church - already his mind was blurred
his excitement sunday, when Delia either from the
several decree ye horlin always to darkness a poem
room a divine instinct & sent from above -
Came beckoning the fellows to talk to a
a very old couple with a long whole hearse :
~~Thereupon they~~ marooned in the hooker Island Jenny
Centuries, dreamed, dreamed give them a new
Clear spike to meet Molly Hugh, dreamed. And
They heard themselves up & hardened old.
" Heaven be praised ! " he exclaimed
" You are a humbug ! " Maggie he added. Silly dear
Light. ~~The had betrayed with such a fiendish foolishness.~~
~~Yes they~~ Molly " And the replied " Molly ! Hugh ...
Dear me," Sham Exclaimed waking up.
the burned wound, aside to make sure that they
had not caught her dozing. But the men here
been asleep, for he lost recollection even
something about candles in a chest.
They were silly down at the other end of the room.
What had happened in between she could not remember.
~~Her eyes that again~~ She had been lolling about
Candle Mayhead been looking about
Molly Graham Swan pitchy you want the Theatre
make her lower kindly Carelessly into a chest
Poor Molly ! She shut her eyes, for a second. She
Which been wayhand on her, Much her attractive
Mean Delia : pulverised ye : always busy at home ;
Dolly about with Dancy Swan : either with mama ;
take remembrance to Thepse ; not allowed out
alone ; no malice ; always nanny or other
such punishment ~~Hate~~ a paper doll in shirt up all
her children ; her pain children ; like a other dog

When only
week of
Sham
over to see
Mrs old
friends.

NYPL

220 mt

Perhaps if they had been able to afford ... if they had gone to Germany .. if they had known more people - they would have married the first man who asked her, & she would have always had children - the
~~Mama dances & they called~~ ~~for to light the~~ Mama foremen
danced up, went to bye — called the Mama foremen when they
bed up down? Bye became ~~washed~~, elongated:
candle, a man called Phelps, a ~~a~~ little village
Church, a
Calup, reed massie, as Shaun saw a
little ugli. Relieved from the burden of the letter
she looked no longer like Judy. She had found an
interpreter a Calup, which revived her
Judy's affection. & he is Shaun, his
brother, seen & adventure remind. He
remembered. ~~Mother~~ everything might happen ~~but~~ they
said impulsively. Now that we know each other.
I want to we can talk. Oh there are
lots things to say! Which are your children?
And ~~the~~ everything comes up ~~you~~ you, dazzles?
~~the~~ the ~~but~~ the lonely! Which, I should say
The was Which takes both the day.
And which is your boy. he included Hester
voice. Oh then. such a nice letter you
Jelly ... Shamus. Hush. what a long!
Shamus: what an Example an elder brother is
unto the sun!
Perhaps when are needy people like Hest-
Judy, she might to make are two never to
have any children agnes ow. Oh, ought to

NYPL

make one take the workshop to dress what to wear
think what were thinking when you came up...
Oh but you take them for granted
you needn't they are always to be there
to order about.
Make my dazzle, there's and magpie
Hyden the most horrible hypocrite and
Mrs Glue Jolly - She played with the Jolly
It began with family prayers... And
they all had to be down. And
Mr the most horrible hypocrite and
Mrs his wife - how she -, and how
love - how they bullying children. Now the
just happy little amid. And everyone in
England has some old woman like that
hallowing the young makes
them for her. Oh yes, they've to do it
Look because she died at ten then. The
Jane up the road... That's the way you
So they give up them. Well, they have to
Began work paper. And they all
Wrong. And the stone - the old stones,
& nothing new or allowed within a hundred
miles. The tea cups - there are, high dead
walls. That belongs to the Granddaddy
And the horses. There are that stone blows
And the nurse + the butler... And he
Cake they have. And they eat. And
And the animal they eat. And
Hyde Hatchery. They die like them eggs
have them cut. They slaves them. They like
them after you really much. It a

NYPL

not that you could, and I did. And thinking of the
Mother for the sake of the boys who are dead.
Always for the sake of something else:
why can't they be kind, say things could be
like before the boys: then are upset
when Mum. Ron did Molly & Charlie a
Egyptian...
Mum! Mummy dearest — No not the
Star the most hideous thing in the whole
wide motherhood.
Good God! he exclaimed
And Dennis has got me tea!
I thought I was the most beautiful thing I'd
Ever see — In my whole Molly.
It took...
a nightmare.
Gleam woke me gently. The sighed.
He had been fast asleep. The had been sitting
in the dark — Even the shadow of Candles had left
Why then did the fuel (Mr) hallucinate? The
feature. Mr Lytton, Vandy & Wolly
We pushed that the could almost
We had a pet, as a child, as a toy....
holder her arm as in reflex.
Did we dead
Jim looked so beautiful asleep. Clive used
to say.

NYPL

Aug 27th

top hat."

She hesitated. "The picture - what picture?" She said.

She looked at him again. "Yes — She began -

Eleanor stopped. She sighed deeply. She woke up.

"Oh dear me!" She said.

She had been fast asleep. Even the wavering yellow candles in the village church had been blotted out. She had been in complete darkness.

Why then had she this extraordinary feeling of happiness? She felt fresh & young, as if a breeze were blowing back her hair; & she stood on a cliff. Most dreams left some definite & rather absurd scene or figure in one's mind. But this dream left nothing but a state of being - a rapture.

"My dear George" She said, She could think of nothing to add. There had been a gulf. She a gap in the talk. She could not remember what they had been saying. She could only express her feeling as affection.

"Now do tell me, what are your plans; what are you going to do?"

he muttered let him go back to that dreadful Wolsbury ~~farm~~ wilderness again

you must live amongst ~~it~~ "she said."

"my dear Eleanor -"

~~Eleanor~~ "she said, recovering her

outburst of affection

Well, what have you ~~raved~~ planned? Had

much has you got?" Eleanor continued. She

wished to appear extremely practical, in order to

Cover, to protect, the ~~same~~ happiness that still

remained.

"Two or three thousand" he said

NYPL

work, properly invested that would bring in — how much?" said Eleanor. Cent ~~Interest~~, five per Cent. Six per Cent ..." She tried in complete silence to do the sum in her head.

"We'll make out a budget for them" said Maggie when she sat down. She had found a pencil & some sheets of paper on the chair.

"Eleanor's article" she said sardonically, taking the paper & ~~writing at the top with~~ drawing a few lines on it to test the pencil on top of it.

"Work people" she said, ~~What do you want to know?~~ What

Rent. Rates. Food. Clothes.. ~~Fuel. Books. Lights...~~

always have silently to explain" said Eleanor.

~~Extras, marked with~~ Extras, marked with a "Travel. Books. Clubs.

~~Food. Clothes~~

She was only over the surface of her mind, he saw. She was using another of those secret outlets like her hobbies to the Settlers; in fact, she was thinking of something else. He changed her position so that she should not look at them. Comparing them with a picture. He wanted very much to discuss her failure with her, but not as ~~their~~ like them.

The real question is, he said, ignoring the budget sheets "what sort of life does one want to live"

The held a short time, "That's just what I feel" said Eleanor. Well we know the present way of life is wrong & how" said Maggie. "I've been talking to Johnny. He explained [illegible] he makes, I don't know what. & he thinks it can)

NYPL

dont know what. And Edward "she looked at him talking rather fully to a woman in the window.
a two thousand a year: a large house, master of
College. And yet when I go up to him,
& he has to say something or other, he says,
Oh the same old joke. Dried up. Dont go into
a perfect fury" she added. That's what's been the
~~Dean of York - our - spiritual head~~ " she added.
All the elderly people sitting in offices. That's
what's been the downfall these Darcies.
Success. The only one that came to any good, was
you don't see them for his glass, Then Thomas
all became Bishops, Admirals. you know the rakes
& they become legislators.
Oh heck. if you know that, said Maggie, about
ourselves, enclosing the word she had written in
letter caps. But we don't " she added
I was telling to my brother " she added.
a remarkable woman where or other "
Edward, a Master woman where or other."
That was exactly the way Edward talked too.
George thought: what was wrong with
everybody: why did it seem wrong? what
was there ridiculous to Maggie, Clever,
& to him too, Learned, about Masters,
Admirals, Bishops, & lawyers, professions -
He looked puzzled, round the room.
"I see, nobody wears tiaras & he added, making Lady
Dyer, a big hand." he added, making Lady
Edward be for his example.
both agreed all that as course he
Under his breath. The remarked. " like a
Dyer. they do
Must ~~have to go on laughing at that~~ ?" the

NYPL

Are they happy? Do they enjoy it? If you talk
to them, do you find they seem to you, well, amiable?
Good Examples? Agreeable to find
some other system?
New you're talking sense! he muttered. That
what I ask myself, coming back here. Why
everybody clerks everybody else. Maggie laughs,
Eileen laughs. But why, can't you do something?
Why don't you think? Laugh! why don't you create!
why don't you The man we're going, overheated
with his challenge. Another man!
We are creating "new Readers" both, by
living as one thousand a year instead of two.
both by saying what do I want to have a
Neil — the both the budget we have —
may create. Either you're not yourself
become a reckless temperance man.
Stop. I'm making out a budget on
remember Anne: Liza.
That creating.
Yes. And the reader Ray you "upon you"
said Diana. That creating.
Yes, if any woman said to the man Neil
ought may, I'll divorce you if you
make mine then 2 and a half.
a thousand a year. if any women said,
I won't have you sleeping with other men.
And had one second, only 2 thousand. And
depend to have ably the silly nonsense —
I mean; patriotism I mean, getting
other troubles Countess:

NYPL

Eglen ah, what's better than petroleum, Jays?
Why were you such an ass as to leave the
Country. What did you do it for — I'm
only making a few common sense suggestions, she
added, drawing lines on the paper.
But my dear, if you're going to keep people 2 or
3 years a year for big Edward, to buy Johns,
you're doomed: we're doomed... What he said to me
was. I hope your boy will come to
follow the family tradition in India! Why
shd my boy follow the family tradition in
India!
What Creature "cant" Shaw. Up heads and only
Think of what they want to be, instead of
being as dressed by the paper. You know
are the great revelations of old age in
that there's no truth, barely in dreams, in what
people say & outbreaks often. Then blame old
age or like this or that, whereas.
Now if we could ask God or what
we are like, what we do feel. That why
Even stones be different for women. I mean,
as Peggy was telling me, — how the town-
we mean reflected. So that life is a
pocketful dreams for us. Perhaps not for ye:
But one has to make one's boy in one's
Aunt" said Jays. what chance is there
for big creatin of one has to make one boy?
Rebecca Cobbe, read his book. What when my
Lays are dead ... to Hyde Peggy "he
Crosskeys.

NYPL

how much do you want to live on, Maggie persists.
What the real question. How. Most of the people in
this room aren't living at all. Peggy became Peggy got
too much money. Hush. Milly. And some people
aren't any because Peggy got two letters. Now)
Ray has begun at the beginning: love, so much:
~~[illegible]~~; Then — She began again
reading letters after the letters
How much does one want to live on! what
is worth having. Where does any one! where
does it begin. Why am I hush. Milly
altogether. Those are a few commitments
questions. Now, Peggy... What do you say.!
Now, ask only two children, no country, a
nice comfortable home. Plenty of time to do
different things, I daresay why she should not begin to
to attempt to be a nine o'clock dear kind of person:
whether more than can be used for the intrigue.
Oh but he'd have to work, much harder
than he's ever worked in his life. and Hannah.
Of course doesn't allow him to kill Hugh & go
doesn't allow him to be have a career...
for I. I have to be a really unanimalous
man. Living for themselves: mean, and, hasty.
person can't to make money out of them. That
the hardest & work there is. People don't and
you believe and then work.
Most them are dead already read. Ray
Lets a Hugh. Milly..."
They don't because they had her made "read Ray.
And other people don't because they have her letter" by
Ray.

NYPL

they die or you give them freedom." he said.
Oh Percy! Eleanor protested. Upon the forked prospect of
happier than she had ever known him, the night.
Yes, it's a statistical fact, he proceeded. I could
prove it to you. The number of men who die that
year outlive their wives — Peggy
will confirm me," he added.
But work) darling, she agreed. But then think of how
very they're there to live.
That's why we're so unreliable," she added.
Work, Seena. She and we are at into power.
We don't have ~~we do the same~~ England becomes
a spectacle ~~a spectacle~~ ... That
is why we haven't solved any of the
problems of human life." One man knows
Cupboard about That is why medicine is
laughed. That is why we shall have cancer,
tuberculosis ...
Well, some man wants to make money by
which the cure of cancer, or man up in a lab. to solve
the cancer problem; a Huxley other men up in offices
to be exploit make them. Hoskins. He knows...
You hoard like heads that happen yourself
Camps in restaurants, said Clare.
Never no you, take - no one
Oh well, leave the subject. This is the legacy
we want to forget - we see children to
bigger ones men. They shall
Thank you, I can't. They shall be
educated oh on ...
What a dream magic.
Why? Oh - ah we were just one.

NYPL

"Not there again" said Maggie absently. Who was the
lucky one? The Jebbs, Norris, Edward, the Hadleys?
"I was talking to Father" she added. That was her
brother the ~~old~~ tall stooped man. He's nearly two.
Edward's mate. He said, nearly, near relation
& I envy them who are so necessary". She
went on drawing eyes and he wondered
why did she talk in that way? Why was
there something ridiculous to them - he meant
Maggie & Alma, but Lewis also true Christ -
about necessary people & the love that
translated her to no use.
What d'you mean, Maggie he said. D'you mean
that there really was about mean? D'you
mean nobody was a You - a
him - What's what Edward for."

And then you see, he said to me, the
medicine ~~after~~ after he broke, or Edward, or
~~Jesse~~ Less Patrick, a Hyde Jekyll;
And then ~~Lou~~ they have changed. - the centuries.
~~I don't mean Stevenson~~ not Stevenson, I don't mean that.
I don't think that makes any difference -
~~Accomplices~~ murder too. after all, it makes
no other difference whether I came here in a
Jesse wheeler or a taxi. (I was saying to Peggy)
But people have changed - Jesse Hyde, have!
~~Jesse~~ Jekyll. You must - Your relation ...
For the Jekyll Cleave?
Yes in the hate. ~~Jesse~~ When we used here near
the way we lived - all heaped up in -
Drawing room ... " I was saying,
She revealed, as Peggy drew near.

NYPL

things have changed for the better.

"Have they," said Peggy, ~~to them~~ "what much together:
"Has had I wonder." She stood looking at them
hurt feeling my Cake? She said - weren't you up
very late last night too?" She looked at her aunt.
I don't see any reason for you to feel when she's
saying any such thing. That where you don't
make you mistake.

But then "you ain't the truth here. Then - you
are ask right by" said Peggy. The
Aunt often was more moved up started up.
Look with is saying another said you.
What the hunter heard is you don't mind it she
Like ask doctor, he says. But the Mother
Probably she was interrupting Peggy. You see
do we dear Peggy, making people with listen
you about them to every pencil - Take my
dream? "The hyst the name to
her warliest perhaps heard started again:
What d'you that dream am? said Clara
vaguely. No not dream, but judge that
Come in steps I they don't me
such my they unaccountable Judge -
of shapeless - eye in steps?"
Peggy, that he heard quite at
cousin of Clara question. She was too
large, to be answer. Just other -
I mean, can't be that there some
life - some steps reach, when we asleep:
my dear Aunt, if you know how my life
of here I knows about the heaven body.
You're so Eclaredy obstinate.

NYPL

the astonished, startled glance with which she had received
the last words, left no room for doubt that
Clara had understood him in the sense
feared, that the man in the moment of
danger had thought only of himself.
Clara tried to control her anxiety. Perhaps what
Steve heard was true — sometimes even better
people began to feel, but had done with
problems & decisions decisively.
There you've been talking all last night: now
talking all together: up at all hours:
all to Indian, with a purpose. Oh to-morrow
evening next Thursday —
But what you were saying, said Steve was:
we're closed: they are sick. Look. Mrs. Hall's
here! That's a relationship we could use
here! Had a happy
marriage, two sons ... Pray —
he was on the outbreak.. Come here.
Don't you admit you're happier than you
were in '61, we Rogers made you here
that office. No woman ever did
we have done that... Yes, we the
Rogers, Rogers making a home, the Rogers
for you.. what I come to, the Rogers.
Don't make many. Don't stand you
up in by a window pretend ma.
Heck I say nobody can read that on
the inner eye. Stand I say that the
keepers you now life for human eye. Stand
I say, I'm now there another life
we know nothing about.
Oh my dear Steve, he said,

NYPL

A knock" said Mary, displaying the shutters behind.
What How does he want to see...
George left the atmosphere chez- She became
made her dream, almost mocked during the whole
Rey- He had a belief that they had said
so clearly that one word between them was
enough. It was rather, almost, he
thought, that the word he and words
how very complex human relationships became.
How did happen that relationships in
general are not to begin
at with - something in the room to be
remade in the hard- remade perfect
interpreter...
for to have to work much harder than for
Ben marked upon her, that she said
Rey.
Ben they what Do you mean by that word
Chan.
well, what they ought act on a person,
said Rey.
well he'll have to see for by in theatre,
Mrs. ah said Mary. the
look the shape any for him, a dress
were another in the night.
Ben- But the number given who die
when they put up the partition in by hospital
said Rey.
But those dead already" the upstairs

NYPL

"I was ~~very, very~~ drunk.")
But there may be something we don't know about a human nature – some new outbreak" said Ilsa. "I know ~~she~~ what you're saying – what you always say – people can't make themselves! when dreams are so just & extraordinary inside! & just [illegible] for a moment, one seems to be another me.
"I ~~don't like~~ that all look" said they ah danced on "magic" intoned.
No, no no: I don't see that" he choked he... I don't see that...
Then what did you say? ~~Sugg~~ asked ~~you~~ what do you mean? She ~~asked~~ wished that contradictory thing. He loved such woman type, one that she had ~~to~~ loved again when even she left. If he he was always, unchecked, romantic. such what do you mean? she found him.
[illegible] him in this word" he replied. ~~You~~ I'm looked I know. she ~~I~~ said: I'm always ~~trying~~ into a year. Know & looked ~~Isabella~~ – what

NYPL

they often all make up dreams — about a rotten tower
type — exactly from the body — being in London —
Heart.
The effortless religion, upon mere theft "in
Rey.
But I'm not religion. I mean to be chaste."
Can one human without such faith: to touch
in people. change? I was letting Clarence —
the right. what bachelor and stay,
on the, from cheap — how did we're all poly-
about there are no words — how true
that is."
Her hand blindly groped me" said Rey.
Letting the other down."
Rachel & started in front of them.
They had been doing with envy. They no
both flushed, excited.
Donna magdalena! he said heavily
open wagon, had an expanded wag.
Permanent to Land ~~permit to~~.
hand for to your coat" Clarence. Confessed.
other some part.
I say that for! the ireland. I was
agreed upon & much. Dancy. with
Rachel! Dancy.
I think there may be remedy never
human hope. you cannot what" said
Rey. "I think it just possible"?
Don't the sea is doomed. I say there;
always an old chair. only of for

NYPL

you so as being in reputable, then you make it impossible...

Just what like they! Then exclaimed.

Reluctantly he knew the truth. When I went to the water to charge he said, Shake a leg.. And I called back to him. Tell me tell me tell me —

And as we dined, and then, I read Rugby, Then pulled the elephant tusks high up in a bush of laurel bean. I saw no dog in africa, in the moonlight. to the mind of some [illegible] And all the old women sat round [illegible] the steps.. a the

But there is such a sky as that Then." said Reg

~~what I mean~~ ~~to~~ ye Reg.. The sky we imagine: Shaking ~~used~~ what I mean by what a word is bringing that up into to think of the sun, he or.. by what I mean.

Don't you can't him, said Reg. The old aeroplane with he was came on the Steam yacht has like the was to the moth...

What are you all chatting about! said Bobby Longup.

Then he he" said Inglis. Watch him to- which we have in municipals! Look — the head on the shutter back.

Watch me. said Then.

The last st, and ant... 5 Amazon Indians Steam worn 158. 10. 6.

NYPL

Thats you mean, said Maggie.
That is my name, my pet name. The
They took the paper & looked at Judy.
week he'd have to make a good deal & may
what he sells they "ran" Bobby.
Yes. ran Peggy. He'll become one of them
regular library gentlemen who want one a week
about some book."
She had seen Jasper Jay almost make
the fuel. all the table had become to her
perfectly meaningless. How to live, what to
live a? Ideals. A life in common. Work,
the school Roger used. Her self many
a pretty silly fuel. & the end by
and began all over again. The reason
was that the mistress was how her
self how & what down pressed
observations

NYPL

She stopped. The carpet right of Peggy, standing by a bookcase, pretending to look at a book. She looked detached, indifferent, very much at ease. She:

She had indeed wandered off by herself. There was nobody she much wanted to talk to. To Cover her loneliness she had taken out a book, a book bound in green leather, with little stars & flowers tooled on it. She could pretend that she was admiring the binding. She opened it. It was a book of French poetry — a drawing room collection. Les Fleurs du Mal

et les Poésies diverses."

She read.

She scarcely moved even her eyes. but for a moment the inward tunnel of darkness & pent breath the valley filled. a blaa of Helena. & hardness." & fever; then she moved her head with pain; read this: time was passing

wasted. Et les oeillets aussi.

Her eyes were caught by Clean, opposite, looking. Peggy, she saw to him, she dared not turn the page to read a book." & began to cry to The little groups opposite. under the instinct of Peggy they seemed to her for a moment, complete: Clean with surrounded Shee paper Generals the Dyers Clean in the arab cloak. Then, grey up to them she had to speak to them as individual; to put magic. to greet the both:

Hello Peggy she said:

Come & take tea Peggy, said Clean.

But do you know what the time? she

said to the two

NYPL

Or four stockings that are wrong "she used to say. Or nine or ten different coloured stockings . . . There was something so odd about her clothes always. It was her stockings tonight – one was pink – one was blue.

But, Peggy thought, why not enjoy merely feeling in a way, not noticing all these separate little things? Clarissa never minded what she looked like. That was attractive in a way. Not to mind, not to care: to be indifferent. If one could attain indifference, she thought, not mind what people said; ~~focus upon~~ let the trifles fade, focus upon one or two things; let the others go. ~~But then her job~~ was to focus upon all sorts of little things – facts. all her life she would be having up little facts: buying a mirror like Miss Grant. But of what? And some things resulted from those Grants! Some important facts ~~Was~~ at any rate now, after parties, there was no need to make calls. She was rather comfortable, sitting in the bus, surrounded by people who wanted lots, as one had to. There was no need to dance. The music had stopped, at any rate for time: ~~Everyone~~ from her place on the bus she had a queer view of feet, knees, skirts. Peoples voices went over her head. A mere jumble of conversation. I enjoyed it [illegible] ... Oh And then Oh I enjoyed it [illegible] ... And far away there were the waves of

NYPL

wheels: the host of cars: the uproar of those towns,
necessary a world which was outside her, led
her to think of next day: her work, her
engagements. But the checked hurly.
~~It was~~ Chance had touched her upon ~~the~~ the wrist
but. Grace had said enjoy purely. She
listened to them talking. But, as she had not
~~together in as them the~~ there was no need
for her to say anything: she made no sense at
first. Back room in Fuchsia, where the
Dencombes lived; — a view the river. And
take a hazy family after breakfast. Crowley had a
niece who married a dentman. Used to visit
the dead then: with Ruthy on Sunday to the
very moment true age.
front. She began to laugh at the pierced
by the darkness little pieces of information.
What interest could possibly come them to
Ray in Crowley niece; husband the dentman.
Oh they were like boys where he were to-
live. And then she heard her mother intended:
a ~~the family~~ the human nature in
something say — the man she called "Brown
because his real name had so many Z's in it
Chuf — nobody could pronounce it —
Mrs. Brown said, Cathy only — cathy, intensely.
"If I fix my eyes on her breast, she moves her
hand there; if I look at her face, she
puts her finger to her cheek. She feels
nothing for herself. She has to do what we
tell her."
She was only a lady, name unknown,
pleasantly offensive, ~~Remarkably~~ Unusual
experiment.

NYPÚ

"Like a little bell or a fountain or in a kitchen
window" said — was it Shaun? No, Anna
Livia. Women all have people to talk
sometimes spoke in exactly the same voice, when they were
related. She would have recognised the voice
anywhere. The words were entirely different: the
stress on the words was the same. No two
people would be more distant, in character,
than Shaun & Livia.

She shocked me rather. I always thought, in fact,
her a model mother. How she says, Anna, nobody
the back man. Yes yes did. About the
Prickly Heat...

That was Jaun; rather spoiled, probably about
that fuel, rather in love with himself; admiring
her immensely, wanting to make a good
impression, crying back at all the jeers,
picking crude questions, asking confused
rather a bore; but always very human;
the Dublin jaunting car driver not being
Gulliver with; & she had not been his
father; & she had not known how
he was always making experiments on me
Kevin & another. She wanted to know his
belts. She wanted to know him, & the ways
he talked to other people, rather than the way
what he used to her. She listened.
Mother Anna is a terrible thing. That was Shaun.
Inconsiderate, selfish, generally hard.
back is difficult not to be. That was Jaun:
the relation of all big mothers and. That was
my chew my chew my chew.

NYPL

Elvira:

"I remember my master was a terrible Judge. Whether the most horrible rights in the whole world, I can't say.

But surely! But surely!" — Family affairs Shaun. Surely you agree about them! Game just said so. She said, Thank God. Shaun was in Evidence ...

So they mention. The ~~Courtier had~~ apart Shaun since. Shaun had given her a cushion. The angered at so that her head was supported. The And) so an addy up letter last after letter last. the Night. in the chance that in the end) Discover something that's gone to temple. But then, if Kings rages - true ... whatever the use of Curing temple ray of some disease, if health is not as bad as they as liger said. what in the pantheistical!

Without her hang and her ham in the argument Curiously, it had suddenly become Shaun & her that — whatever more all Disarray was whatsoever large after him: Cinderella. She had gone: the cut up. Of some sheep. unsurely untruthy. But They were all wrong. They were surely all of them leaving on the last that Next Monk ha so much. ay money. But they wheeled in. Shaun was rages, There was something we don't understand. Rings repeated, there no evidence of future life:

NYPL

And she came blame & blame to her that they were
[illegible] to take that to buy an Inside have
Children indiscriminately we are all doomed
Look here - she said nobody believed.
Listen to me - she said.
I'm a doctor, she began further third time.
Attack, Adam said well.
And she started
Everybody a baby children all the way round the
two: We have got to make money - We
must be damned. You can't control them.
You can't stop them. And then,
& what the end of my thirty upon up a
a labourer! Some broken building stones.
But ~~and not be number to~~ Darton to be
~~have to said two~~
what d'you mean? said Jesse.
Look here Jesse - You may die not yet to
submit to the ordinary way of life... You must
yet to beget, not yet to be a big farm.
But you yet to marry. You yet to
marry some body who'll make you unhappy.
And you can't prevent it.
She could not see his face.
~~She have begun there~~
Every a big. There! In two years you'll be
You'll be working ~~outside~~ working outside about
broken that nobody ... It
She shake with too much bitterness -
had no effect
The heart hath. That was the truth.

NYPL

the had a room Mary that. Suzanne the evening
in some upstairs last. Suzanne making a room in
her an who presently with high for hang
it; down the family system. ~~Hungry~~ an
Cind vanity. Human vanity. Male vanity
the dress to be ~~Lily the~~ work of the mark.
The dress to have a dress on Mary H.
who stitch the over name. The dress to hand
back here, the began again: but nobody
attended.
Why don't me portrait, Cleanie —
me pay woman, on Mary. Redeemed
woman — a say, By Jove, me want
than it. he'll break dress the papers
me need take known. me want
make many. me'll make a
new Mary — a Circled Mary — a
Mary where you've portrait
my all the profession — not Greek in on.
What the only may you can hear Sally
about medicine — by hay about
Economy — Cut. Then old Joyce
take Dudley Jones for Gaugh...
take Cloud — take my own father...
want that why you wanted a vote Cleanie!
Just portrait much money, to be as
Catlike men as London!
George a key a the man she called Blue
room Cleanie like that remark. Probably

NYPL

[illegible] the naked, the opposition [illegible]
male... Maybe just unnecessarily [illegible]
very few. Merely leads with [illegible]
over development of [illegible] and [illegible]...
But how the men softly [illegible] down in her
rich locks again: [illegible] for [illegible] a man the
had known the intoxicating [illegible] of
long locks!
She had known the intoxicating pleasure of being so
[illegible] that she had forgotten [illegible]. It still struck
rather foolish. She waited. It was probably
clear to her. Now that they had got freedom —
the and shorthand, clichés, they must learn a new
wiles: [illegible] again anonymity: dress
they for the sake of [illegible]: dress more like
different [illegible], attempts [illegible] them;
[illegible] her [illegible], repay all [illegible],
presence the old [illegible] the ex-
love, charity; never praise [illegible] women;
never a [illegible] man, a [illegible]: [illegible] not
taking:
Ha ha, she continued, I don't want to be
a [illegible] dark: for if my father were [illegible],
I'd know [illegible] up to [illegible]: he
don't want what men want: I'm
[illegible] way of making a fine [illegible].
[illegible] the [illegible] remember:

Nobody spoke.
Then Sloan said,
I remember the beads on a lampshade...
We don't want beads on lampshades, dear.
The whole calmly, & reflectively, as if the
were talking to [illegible].
Yes, but Peggy, in order to [illegible] you can't do

NYPL

as they walked a certain unwonted way" said
to the journey, to be a person attach."
Unwonted much. Not nearly as much as
people say.
Look you have to be independent as you [illegible]
Ye. You have to be able to earn [illegible]
Yes. I could do that. And to save. And
to have many a use to many. And a
certain amount of education."
But nearly as much education as people say"
said Jesse.
And what what pleasure? Love? Friend!
Laughter. Little Cats many.
You can't be without having."
Ye. That just what we've got to work out."
Hard [illegible] he said. How much must I have
in order to be. But you Lord, must hope—
have other much love must a much less little...
The leant back again. The "Man all
The watched the passers the calm Rabbi
pass.
Like you [illegible] much became pain for you
how much may: or for Lord how became pain for
how little."
The looked at the to Gibbon. Too much, she
said to him. muffled. meadow unable to
depart the breath that they inherited.
And lower little Mexican Punch are them.
Wanna for Each get. A more love - a
Impact. one of time pale little worm
Gethsemane must be Heavens who had

NYPL

just thumbed by the wire, within bow, calculate. hand.
a given night load in the boiler: Did as me
when thinks the instant mean. Had agree in
that room reached the perfect balance of hang
& buy! was there anyone when Cupandy
had been perfectly developed! mother
crowded me undressed! Not one when.
They were all crippled, deformed. When
souls ~~cowed~~ by the Captain ~~Har or the~~
typing a twenty man behind the curtain -
whatever a ray, a Rontgen ray.
that expand the word, what deformities of
wound mean. ~~heartbreak~~, heartbreaking work,
Crowded work, cripple work: work that was
were revealed & deluded, other wrapped in
pinched. I'm and the legend, I mean. the red
~~Boot~~ the excitement her great darkness
for we what used to her had made us
different to the other:
That's my fun, that's my fun,
what I have always said, said Nicholas.
Ce mean demand helen out in some
complicated mechanical darkness about the
repeat expect. the darkness speaking the
dependence ~~you~~ we only upon another: finger
trade: the demand Russia needing mate-
Car, England producing cotton goods...
She had heard about her: what her to mind
Every darkness ended in rebellion I may.
And became so complicated that without
Mechanical knowledge you cd not gather at.
She wished that the hand although the head
need a book him & then the was that
pink Sandy stamped began argument
about the word standard.. And so

a Man
frowned
behind her
back.

NYPL

are who never be able to decipher. the Egyptians
sent back agen again the cuban i watched the
feet party: the they tramped the
Cyclone, the cud be hardly, the male human is
fairly wonderful; a pitiful creature.
Yes. Chan, the added, reflectively, "I see what
you mean about the head on the long thumb.
A horrid twisted elaborate thing; a monstrous
head, made by some devilish clever pitiful
unreasoning machine." The saw the Egyptian
The disliked - Paul, not Dennis - the
reminded him: Dennis is the scarlet; Paul is
the pearl. He felt that the had been hard -
he. Then, the Egypt, he tried to write
hastily, to retrieve his fault of his damned head
hastily - ~~all about~~ hastily. Probably
some bland man became but actual. Probably
some other bland man becomes atrophied.
the bland that makes ~~persons~~ a person
Curious thing: that is terribly doubtful what is
there.
The Egypt - the face in the newspaper.
You could detect that man hardly, the Egypt,
he wanted Mid Northwest ah is law
of over Himalaya, of under Himalaya...
In hundred years they might know. But
then, I they wanted to be overstimulated?
I mean then ideal to have natural,
particular, blue sky, red sky, always
this sunshine, often poor everywhere?...
They had hard on to other lobes; her revelation
had meant nothing to them: the head
Chan. Calm.

NYPL

Perhaps then in a world that never dreamed, never
knew such one; when Crabb & Jarrold had ceased
doing that. Supposing any stage had said
Only Ariel was not another allegorical person.
~~Ariel was just a fairy.~~ So then you may
regard an Ariel as the play. I suppose.
Supposing Jarrold. The heart beats on her instep
washed the feet pang: the they hunger. the
pale Ribbon
They had passed on to wonderful dullness. The queen
laughing Ellen the behind. But she had been so
absorbed in her own myself that she could not
make any sense against they were saying.
Look what this does.
To the amorous embrace of brave woman,
£1 5s 10. 8. "
I didn't say that. I said Lou. "It's a badness.
Well, that only proves me." "
And Really what's Comes of having a sheet of
foolscap on a chair... A sheet of
a sheet of foolscap while I sew — a virgin sheet
Ann was charley. Shy ~~virginity~~.
Now Sheets Ann Nicholas, the curtains
Ann was sung I'll tell you the play from the
beginning I wear Mandy or Geraldine
Bruce, I said beggy, warm & cheap,
warm & forget-me-not...
~~Let~~ cut the cackle & get to the horses" read
Rory.
No Father tell her she mustn't say in such a way
interrupt.

NYPL

waken of others, waken of trees, there followed
~~the wounded ran of the were~~ she had not remembered being
unbewitched. Peggy cursed her - laughing, yielding to the
impulse of the moment, perverse by the wish to
make up a story & to tell her story in the
without any self-consciousness. not caring what
impression she made.

waken of others, waken of largest fairies " she repeated -
standing in one of those little bays, ~~in which trees~~
~~looked down into the~~ water. And last lamplight
shone on the water, broken up, carried away.
~~told~~ told I used to myself, what about the dew? This
how do what happens as true. I shared solitude he
shares my bath: ~~And drowned~~ by the clock, the road -
wide open, far thing: crumbled. Because the dew.
It became like a chant. Was the thing of town fairies!
celtic came dancing! was the title dancing in time to the
very first! It calmed I came ~~to~~ ...
~~whereupon~~. We closed ~~I~~ went along the strand, with
the noise the innumerable any of another.
~~little men in leather hats women like painted hair~~
I'm one of you, one of you. the stopped.
It a cheap coat of dusty ~~w~~ obvious: no room..
And very sentimental. the pound and the
were comparing the ~~last~~ train with some other tram.
And I made up a name for the dew. And he said,
He was looking the shutters landscape & listening at
with the pencil:
a mystery a different kind had struck him.
By the way Nicholas, she added,
~~And this interests~~
Oh a thin was a red [illegible] man by a malign
like such a thin in his little hat, dressing
Under a a thick brown colour slowly
person. with a cruelty in his little hats

NYPL

the Cam at the door.
At her.
Look after her
Peggy
Marcia..

her [illegible] personally. [illegible] [illegible] had
[illegible] Cambridge, the last [illegible] I made [illegible]
began [illegible] a kind [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible]
the same [illegible] every day: [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]-he mean, my father know [illegible] father. He
[illegible] men [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Felt as
[illegible] ... She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
and the man [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
Andrew I [illegible]: [illegible] but what [illegible],
Charley. When a man told [illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible] the fact as I [illegible]. Charley...
[illegible] in this Polar [illegible] [illegible] by
the adventure. I asked why, when [illegible]
baby, [illegible] a recent fact: [illegible]
[illegible], and the [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]! [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
age [illegible], but [illegible] [illegible]?
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible]! I asked [illegible]..
And then the [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible].
and [illegible] me, [illegible], [illegible]
like in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
and behind, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
represents the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
the [illegible] [illegible]: [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] me [illegible], [illegible], the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
distant [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]: [illegible]
am [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
And [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible].

NYPL

wrote all the Songs Tonight [illegible] the need of action.
Rent date found Clothe- hour- & Echo...
The words fell from her lips in a tender whisper
Charley. Urgently. She had cried her name. The Study
had never her urgently. And then. The room
to write an article on it. And then to her
dear Long Eyelashes in plain coloured velvet..
Peggy laughed.
Ill design a lovely frock, Clare, the next
to have to show your legs. for it
Ja'll have to wear a to make good
impression. Ja'll have to be [illegible] back. Ja'll
have to stop talking.
Oh no no; only I'll tell what I say.
And I'll tell her. And I'll write
one thousand words for Study Studys. And I'll
say what I don't think.. And I'll —
She broke off...
Look. There the comes. Clothed in theatrical
robes in jewels...
robes, Oh that's Kelly. Eleanor Eleanor
And, in order to cover that. I shall have to hire
some way of pushing the crowds away. The heat of
their bodies on hers. The [illegible] of voices.
Long heavy arms [illegible] them. And the yells
Cries

NYPL

I used
thumb
to
turn
the pages

"I ~~opened~~ pushed through the swing door, & went past the
arc armed commissionaire with a medal down
down the hushed passages, lined with hurrying couriers
like I came to the door. It was made of
pure mahogany & beam. Come in, said a voice,
after a pause. He looked up from his writing table,
upon which he was pretending to write, but was in
fact making cartoons with a pencil
upon him as a token of respect by another
pitiful anniversary of the wedding day.
The camarin in was given him by the Pope.
He got up from the breakfast table at the same
time every morning, gave him the same answer.
He couldn't go to his office unmanned. That the
postman I am. That the postman he is:
The is on the mantelpiece in her coronation ...
"Cut the cackle" said Maggie:
to / get the job. "Given continued. Fifteen
shillings a thousand. Lady Cynthia looking lovely in
pure coloured relief. How to get even 9 hams out
of breakfast eggs with four between the plays of
tables d ... But as she handed me
a ~~Hellenic antique~~ that very tight hand woman,
whom she had been teaching by pieces by Nicole of
Pranzan with really hubs, I forgot her name —
her dresser to call her Pellegrew. Strange unheard..
I ~~thought~~ began "what an high ~~mien~~ manner guest —"
wasn't to just such absent from ~~common~~
I thought, did a woman, who had a baby this
on the arms, what they called in parody
Clean a Cohen woman, did she feel what?
feel below her body what I had deep my mind?
In short, ~~what~~ what is charity? And what is

NYPL

charity? I had a knot in my pocket handkerchief.
Ask Nicholas what charity is ... But wait. And this
night struck me, as they told me about Lovers, how
they must be lastingly introduced to please the
refinement of an age: there was a more tragic
light side which had long shaped itself: it struck me
so deeply change in themselves; or in society that they
take a different form. This charity border
charity, returning as charity. The mind: a 20,
does anything come over again, only differently!
Or for myself may this party happened 50
years ago in Athens terrace: In what sense
then, I asked myself, am I here now, in the room,
at the moment as this? And then it struck me —
Pellegrini was saying that I must know a great
many interesting people, like Edward for example ...
Life in Chapter is 300 years ahead of life in fact, which
explains why Ralph and Dick - Magee can't
read them - because Magee about politics; Chatterton
says there about the reign of Queen Elizabeth.) I
left [illegible] but I thought given Chatterton 20, — the way
the first part on Friday, which is the way
[illegible] today or tomorrow). The present
combines the past, & the present & the future:
a threefold, after such let me touch my
realness. I had a vision .. the completely alive &
efficient person, is he the one who is able to live
in four different values, & four different times all
different one — combining what I am to her, what I am to
myself what I am to the world at large, what I
am to the sky & the dust, the waters of
Asia, the waters of oblivion, where the stars
breaks into spherules, & is washed away into
[illegible] Bach: for the what I mean? Boy one."

• Letter box

NYPL

That would be a very effective pose, a very practical pose, not a mere silly one like I am, ~~good bye. I said.~~
And that's the sheet of paper."
Yes I'll let you have the article or Monday morning & said.
& make the sheet of paper."

from the Confusion— clouds seemed to open, but on different scene—

The words, very fluently articulated, left so far from her lips that could only make out that she had got a job on a paper. That she had a career her living; Nwas ~~as if she were speaking a~~ Kind of shorthand; ~~to people who could take her~~ meaning. But then my Peggy, had failed too when it came to making her meaning clear. Everybody failed the thought; but she was not longer ~~Consciousness of~~ revealed by Elvira. She was trying to say something. Perhaps ~~there was~~ The two when she began to talk had something in her mind that seemed to her extremely real, important, beautiful, amusing, funny. Her eyes had shone, her cheeks were flushed, she had laughed. But all that came out was a medley of words. & she had ended "a silly one like I am." ~~Perhaps~~ the two, left ~~a lonely~~ some of the things that Peggy felt. It was her air of immediacy that had revealed Peggy. Perhaps, the thought, clung back on her Confusion again, there would come to be an age in which thought was revealed, rays by a new Kind of ray, a ray from the stars, or rivers born in the mind; without the ~~use~~ vast blocks of non-thought in the ~~heding~~, darkness, Crushing out ~~of~~ ~~gulume~~ - there ~~repeated~~ a word of Thought pure & clear, in which bodies thought. But not in our time.

"Why not try Highgate, or Battersea?" Eleanor said. "You can get flats with bathrooms there, for much less than you pay up here."

perhaps she was also tortured, herself.

NYPL

Peggy laughed.

"~~That is what the the people~~ ~~That is what~~ most people would be thinking ~~about~~ ~~" the~~ that" she concluded. "You can get that in Ballenca write bathroom."

~~You haven't written~~

"Isn't that typical?" said Renny. He had taken the sheet as toolcap.

~~the man~~ In the time she had taken to describe what she doesn't understand — vague general ideas — & the ~~sidelong~~ man with the carnation — & the mahogany door — & the blotting paper. She might have written the article they called Shirley Shelley..."

"Gone home, then," said Eleanor; stately as poem h. bare. ~~Look~~ when she comes, like starlight clothed in jewels..." She ~~wrote~~ scribbled at ~~her~~ scribbling. "How does one begin? With horses, I think, having the legs. And ~~then~~ I draw very white paws. And a beast — And then like And a crude rubber. Then in the corner starlight clothed in jewels..."

"That's Kitty ~~Lasswade~~!" Eleanor exclaimed. "I must speak to her."

Or ~~There~~ As A very handsome white haired ~~woman~~ lady ~~in black with~~ had come in. She stood at the door looking round her, as if seeking ~~for~~ her hostess. ~~Next moment~~ But Delia had gone downstairs. She ~~watched~~ stood smiling ~~The saw Eleanor~~. rather as if she were amused; as if she were more that being a person accustomed to attention. She would only have to wait one moment. She was extraordinarily handsome. ~~As~~ She saw Eleanor, & came towards her at once, with her hand stretched out. Then old Patrick came ambling across the room, & Bobby & Rose.

NYPL

I'm Beachey
Cole" they heard
he say "I'm
here to the baby
And then I went
as I supp...

The
Came in,

the was surrounded. They all greeted each other with the
greatest cordiality.
Who is that? said Nicholas.
Lady Lanmarle, said Mapp: Kelly Malone - some sort
of relation.
As I was sitting in the corner the room, downstairs, I saw
go "and then: & they were all sitting round
table: when the door opened & in Came, the most
beautiful apparition: in ~~black~~ white! no, in photo &
Jewels with a shower of sequins; ... red, I dreamed in
her hair; & the rest ...
Lizzie ~~took the~~ pushed up the ~~paper~~ when
~~had~~ fallen looked at her. The name was familiar to
him: He had heard that her husband had
been in love with her. The was one when well
up, rather masculine old ladies who
repelled him slightly. They always reminded you to
fetch & carry for them. He ~~had some~~ thought
that the had been the wife of one of the
Ex Jovernors. He could imagine her over the
heroin & government stone: an autocrat;
But perhaps, years ago, when the was young, the
had looked rather striking, in a riding habit,
the might even have had an affair with an
aide-de-camp. But that type of woman was
always tragically loyal: They never
fundamentally ruined & conventional. Then they
ceased, did the Lord & the manor houses
Come along ~~down stairs~~, Peggy & he said to his little
They all got up.
He knew
Lots of, how rubbish.
But they could not move without disturbing the

NYPL

who wear deep mourning as a rule,

heavy old Aunts & Uncles who had gathered round the widow the late Governor funeral — so large had Churchward her — in the doorway.
They waited for a moment, & then old Patrick gave her arm to the aristocrat & they all started about walking to them to descend the narrow stair:
Stepping gently Lady" he said to her also, as they went.
He had scarcely known her, after all these years — They had to just such an Children memory, Children Mary.
Their letters had become merely formal.
She seemed to him Mystery unbuttered, unclassified.
& he inducted her arm carefully him:
~~How~~ for to feet " they head, Lord Lansdale saying
to Old Patrick: " Mrs Standard are not "
adapted for ... when make ~~old women~~ ... "
~~But~~ ~~the wood~~ The was descended the stair. "
~~what is~~ Remember old people ...
~~Or~~
Kneeling on damp grass .... to plant
Crocuses."

~~But~~ All the others followed. Joyce lingered behind. He had the name on the basket on his waistcoat pocket, he thought. He would call for her to-morrow & take her out.
Dulcie eye. Had she ever been in love? he wondered. What had she been doing all these years?
Sir Lancelot-Lloyd must Key" he said; for still
D'ye remember the awful drake we got into
that night.
in some way. He had that she saw Hazel in
together when they were children: how they had
a rather hearty tea: how they had run the
Kitchen in the wood. Peggy had let them out
a window by shut. She knew they admired him

NYPL

that nobody else ever knew.
When Jim Brown first came up to Oxford with me.
And finds the hare in the barn of Jim Clements.
And Jim killed him, of Jim Clements.
And then long ... the road The dam lay over the
hills. And the valley down far beside.
That Jane and Ursula Jim struck away. Said
Would they'd put the plan in him
Yes. The Rabbit barn. What was his name?'
Are the Dickmans ...
They cd. thank Shirley Ethel Bagley. Peggy
Wished my letter to help them to discover their
Hymn. She had always known that he
wrote poetry. And now the ~~book~~, has a
poem. She had read. You'll go, write dreary
little books like - W. W. Could she have
seen him with the ~~the~~ Yvonne Lacy
24 ~~Beaumont Street~~ were number were that
in master! She had shared pied eggs at
Jam. 20 years ago when they were children.
Same corner the light, following his track
2 under the narrow stream: so
pages, to explain. To hand on each other
Jam the little manner, unimaginative needs.
Make the vague obscure for new them. To
Light. with all the education wherein it
amount to? only that they inculcate a.
It only makes Peggy hard & clever - Educated.
Inaccurate. We don't do. Style not. Educated.
Gibbon, old Adam is work a degree & their
Own perpetual women. He stand at
Peggy. The war made one by other other.
He was not really fashionable, a really down.
She was a compromise between a worse Ethel
he took. a Yvonne.

NYPL

I beg your pardon. And probably Percy despised him for telling
his son, knowing up his wife. Every book he opened
without any effort up. The head said, he was
marry & so left his soul.

Do you really think marriage a failure? he said
as they rolled down Park side by side.

Now he's going to propose, thought Fanny triumphantly
remembering, she used to hate. Funny how men
found it come. What fathers men are, she kept
telling herself all the time.

But she was determined not to make anything
easy. She must be generous. She must
sympathize.

Oh Jack, she said, truly how am I to thank you
for such, for such, for such, for such, for such,
be happy, be happy, " she was pressed by
her mouth. He drank the glass then put
it down his hand with on his. Ah ah,
Mrs Jack, you dunken, are naughty.
only drunk, he answered, " many romantic who "
the stopped.

But the other, so my unfortunately " he said.
Oh Fanny, what then " she said. But whatever
the answer?

He had never many the rest of woman who
made a good wife - she knew that. Look at
Bobby. Look at his father. They were all
led by their wives. The human race was
formed from the last generation of women
who had found how to please men always
were to have children. But they always
wanted. And in the end, the clever men always
chose the dull silly women: & clever women
always chose dull men. And so -

NYPL

engaging young Pegg?" George said to her sister, as they hung back. He scarcely knew her after all these years.

George ~~came last~~ & Peggy came last. They stood on the same stair together. Had she ever been in love, he wondered? What had she been doing all these years?

"Did you see old Mock Turtle?" she said, for so they used to call Sir William Whatley, their father's friend, when they were children.

"Is he still alive?" George exclaimed

Yes. I've been talking to him. "Jill

Both their minds went back at once to the same occasion. He was staying with us, you remember; the year we had

"The ~~Hutton~~ party in the wood, Jess remember." He was staying with us.

"Yes. And he got on to that awful row" he said "I wonder why" he added. Peggy had left hastily

down from her bedroom to hear that; & they had met the Evles on the woman came & looked

fixed eggs at dawn.

"And we saw the badger," she added.

"We should never have been found out if that horrid little Scamp - what was his name? - hadn't told on us.

"He always had a down on me" George added.

They had could think of nothing else to say

But the years were bridged. They had to stand

Back the years were bridged. They had been very intimate that

Rode by Jedi.

NYPL

summer. She used to read her poetry, secretly, in the apple room.
He remembered her & praised her. But now
they scarcely knew each other. He blamed her.
She did not take her Clothes. They were unsuitable.
She was not fashionable, & she was not dowdy.
There was a compromise. She irritated him.
He was still very unlike to what she thought
of him. She had criticised him. She had
~~Given away~~ There was something treacherous
in the way in which she, who knew about his
poetry, had given him up to the enemy
(the children relationship came back to him—
they were friends in a hostile world of
grown up people) saying "You'll go on
write many little books; you'll marry ...
~~You~~ He was wrong, coming from her.
She had perhaps seen him or down stairs
with — Yvonne.

Damn it

~~Look~~ She had ousted him.

Don't be a fool, many the wiser by them.

But she has legs ...

NYPL

But wasn't let me [illegible] you something" she said. "if you want many"
"I'll buy her to you" he said
She still held her hand on his arm. ~~She felt the~~
It seemed to her that she could feel the muscles, the nerves, something hard & taut under the cloth.
She knew as she felt it, that it was hopeless —
that is, even if he bought her to nothing could be done.
Persuasion, reason, were useless. She had seen it
over & over again: the desire ~~to dominate~~ to possess,
was so ~~cause~~ so strong ~~that~~ & so crude that
he would ruin his life irretrievably; tie himself to a
pretty red lipped girl for life: tie himself to a family; tie
from himself into a machine. It was perfectly plain
to her. But here she was, pulling again.
It was impossible to be to "stop". What a
terrible ~~idiot~~ system, the best, after
thinking of the row, years ago, with her mother
I so ashamed I can feel practically nothing:
Stop & ask up. So on & on; breeding —
Gilbert producing — again she was
disgusting. The younger generation, seemed to her
with bad ~~disjected lips~~ the worst worthy & a
children. & those children have children — &
We & you & I & a, they, wonderful some not to
have children: & it's hopeless. So what's that
'stop' mean.
for him to sit down on the stairs & wait to be
brother, for just ~~who~~ don't do it. It was
and ask for him. for you with you can't put
what I feel... And so they moved on
Upwards, millions upon millions in 'circles;
but there was not the moment to go in that —

& Leave — She took her hand off his arm.

NYPL

the odd thing was, Hope always the letters: & produced them.
But perhaps it was better to produce letters than to be, as she
was, so reckless, so unbridled, so aware of all
the things one mustn't do & mustn't be, so
absurd from childhood for any breach of the
conventions that she could never let herself be in
any relation without a sense of still adding one
fact upon another; & always, even before the
'row' broke, she was sure;
She wanted to reclaim, when an abhorrent
Egerton, she wanted to abase him, he take her
mother, her grandmother, & all the rest of it:
but as she said was,
"I do any day after my. ~~Replace up, before~~
But suppose after ~~" She took her hand off~~
her arm. She was determined to ~~[illegible]~~.
But I'm going to pay mine; I'm going to let myself go."
She
Delia came out of the into the hall.
They had reached the bottom of the stairs. &
"La médiocrité de l'univers m'étonne et me
révolte, la petitesse de toutes choses
m'emplit de dégoût ——" She ~~refers~~ remembered
repeated the words. But I'm going to pay
myself. I'm going to let myself go" she cried.
They had reached the bottom of the stairs.
Delia burst out of the room where they were
having coffee. "Stevens! she cried Stevens!
Stevens! Stevens!" The
Lady! Stevens!

NYPL

Caught right of them "Jesus he a dear a fetch some
Uproar" she said "we're entirely without"
"Room for the widow of the Jovium-General" said
Steps. Theresa hung into the spirit of the moment. He
ran down the Kitchen stairs.
Come Peggy, said Delia, come in &
have something to eat."
She led the way into the room which had been
turned into a supper room. & Every body was talking
about as the Room on the Kitchen chairs,
[illegible] at other tables at [illegible] table
upon which a quantity of flowers had been
thrown. & Enough to mask the lack of
sufficient table cloths. The room was crowded.
Set in the floor, set anywhere! said Delia.
delighted to see that there was no other room
for anybody. We passed.
"Room are coming" she said, going to the
table where Kelly Lanswade sat with Patsy.
"I don't want a room, Delia" said Kelly.
She was dunking into the bowl of soup.
No. I didn't think you did" said Delia,
But other people do.. She took a branch of
Room from Jesse. "Help me to
distribute them" she said. The Room
made a rapid distribution in her mind.
Certain people wanted rooms. Certain people
didn't. The people who didn't want rooms
were her set, rich: the others were
the better. She had urged them all up
together. the theatre, perfect rich come to her
Complacency how in that room were to be
found noble & commoner, people who did
[illegible] people who didn't, rich & poor,

NYPL

middle class, lower class — very young & very old. That was
her notion of the way to give a party.

"Please Debo," said her husband;
"Uncle Patrick wants a spoon" said Jane.

"I do," said Patrick.

Debo could not help laughing, as her husband, to
the thousandth time, pricked her bubble. Marriage
to many a world which she had married the
most conservative, the most loyal, the most
good fearing, law-respecting of country gentlemen.
A certain amount of excitement was
fictitious. But not all of it. It was clear to
her, as the crowd, brandishing the spoons, that
people were enjoying themselves. There was a
better way of giving a party than the old way.
There were an odd mixed lot. For instance there was a
young man dressed as a sailor, & there was
a lady just from the ballet. There was
her dress is
cut down by Kitty.
The distributed her spoons. c

Poor flowers, said Kitty taking up one that
was lying on the table. "They'll die."

"I hadn't any vases," said Debo:
"these only meant for tonight." Then in
a pause "she added. "Anyway
borrowed. And tomorrow we'll have anything
away. In pence a bunch in Covent Garden"
She added; "what a rich lovely
England is! The roses on the bushes...
the clothes on the shops... Look how
long" she held a yellow rose in her
hand.
what I'm always telling her" said Patrick.

Where was my rose

NYPL

here is barbarism. Ireland is the only country where
which flourishes."

"Dear me Patsy," said Kitty.

"I envy you your name," said Delia.

"But what do they do with them?" said Delia.

"People say in the west of Ireland," said
Kitty.

"Indeed but like most lovers"
Jerdan began "she added.

"Your country - here is barbarism," said Patsy.

"I'm sorry to say it, but it is true." he sighed.

"But surely that is only a party madness," said Kitty
trying to cheer him up.

"It all last autumn," he said gently.

Oh Patsy always wants to have Dublin Castle
back again," said Delia.

"If only they
have we're for you "freedom" said is a good deal
worse than slavery," said Patsy gently. He
began to pick his teeth.

Police or riot, peace Ulster gay round
with her arms.

"Oh Pro Patsy, Kitty exclaimed. I can't let
you say that. You're not trying to tell me that
all that struggle was worthless."

Come to Ireland & see for yourself," he said gently.
"It has taught us
We've not

~~Irishmen~~ dear eyes innocent
sad eyes. of an old hunter. But they
couldn't keep him long in by
& some one can take them a little run"
sleep" he added.

"Yes. Both you must come & stay with us"
said Delia.

NYPL

I'm sure you don't want a row do you she said
handing him a mug of tea.
You're mean's son aren't ye? said Kelly.
Yes I expect so.
Yer just back from Africa" said Delia
And how does the old country strike ye?" said
Patrick: a
Oh it seems <u>taken about</u> as they named, they
ask same as ever" said Joe. And they ask
Lots about you, Nobles" he added.
What in Lord do you see up for they say
for? said Lord Lanwade.
I'd had enough of it" he said.
Think what I did like to have been a farmer" she
said. Only in my day...
Nor Kelly, said Patrick.
Oh mystery me I did. all the way I used to be back to
Mrs Arthy were" said Patrick.. want that the
what the were done for in ch. And the beasts
ask a feast mistake. Certainly yes then."
he waved his head tolerantly for me to tick
Another Ask that myself, said Kelly.
ask I can say, Really as a woman,
why and induce me to go back to the old days.
Bad old days, wicked old days, and old days—
Don't you agree Delia. Delia was busy at a show
In deathly, said Patrick, there another
Come what's my say. Take my word for it,
There was that village house. Delia
Now Myles for the rest, well, I can
ann for they'd ask for more than
they could. Myles hunted away

NYPL

national advantages, & what have they got instead?"
"Well we won't agree, my old friend" said Kelly
just the same with a twist" he went on.
Jorge reflected that he was an old bore:
Still then the home rule — & what have they done with it.'
But the widow the poem found:
I was thinking, it must have been in the way
room, said Kelly looking round he.. dead
Jorge come down! Never here we read them.
Never here that Rum ...
Never here that my Rum, Rum called out he
the neighbouring baker, I said Force.
And I said No force." said Kelly.
The old fool was not sure what he expected then.
I don't believe in force." Rum called out. The was
But force now, Kelly" Rum called out. The was
~~Do you think force~~ Ever never again? said
a Kelly shook his head.
What then an old John like us, said
Patrick, is what when ~~we talk~~
Never such a lot of people about —
such a lot of fellows wanting help ::"
~~all these fellows~~ thereby ~~each other~~."
with both hands what coma retake eh."
All them words: He stretched out
regularly. wounded who better not to be
to my words? Cursing Paris a new
words.. such, indeed the best it
hope put said on our land: a pair
their workmen ...
And both the old dog out thereby
Jorge added.

NYPL

that made any other answer than a bark

men

the was accustomed Jorge felt to address any his questions to his dogs, which ~~often~~ he talked with [illegible] each of them accounted ~~for their~~ a rambling ~~in~~ incoherent ~~that made an~~ answer ~~impossible~~ unnecessary. ~~Too many words, too many words," he muttered~~ He seemed to ~~continue his~~ The two old chaps were eager to be back in their own home. Jorge left. Old age had ~~The indifference of old age had~~ to He would say the same things over, over again. Old age was like childhood in its ~~indifference~~ complete indifference. The mind became like a ~~played the~~ ~~fragile~~ vessel absorbing ~~that it~~ all it ~~fragile~~ vessel wanted to keep. mind could not absorb any ~~more~~ more. Jorge left him, ~~at the same~~ pot-up, left him. The war was a presence, a fetish. ~~People moved about~~ talked to each other, were not to be introduced. Yes. But to whom shall I take? he asked himself. The faces of loved ones, of living an intruder that had come upon them Clovers were gone, when he left them, returned. ~~At~~ that people knew each other. They were all ~~dotted~~ with flowers. A kind of ~~yellow~~ grass was blood lathy, ~~about~~ ~~poisonous~~ ~~plants~~ - They were arguing; each belonged to a different group. All the usual words were bandied. He drew near to listen, not to argue. But then he thought it was impossible to see any groups, any people. They seemed to him amazingly young, ~~pale~~ faces, ~~in~~ manners, and they were still ~~short~~ ~~pants~~. He remembered how he too and to ~~imitate~~ ~~his elders~~ under the influence of older men. It was like being

NYPL

& school passion.

And ~~over~~ then talk was full of ~~information to~~ family
~~to~~ jokes. Their features were all those of cottiers:
They amused them that seemed to him imbecile.
He was unable to [illegible] them he knew. But they seemed to
him as if they were talking about queer manners, &
the awful way that did Foxy. He stood, thinking
And beneath their politics, was a network of
~~intricate private~~ loves; like ~~school girls, he added~~
the loves of school girls, he added, feeling that, belonging
from [illegible], that one was in love with
another, & another was ~~in love~~ not in love.
~~And~~ He compared them of course with himself.
with his private opinion that he at that age was
fighting, hardened blood.. But was ~~that~~ that
'sexy blood' an advantage, educationally?
So he shifted his position ~~a year~~. At that age he had
been alone on a farm, a hundred miles from any
other white man. But was that an advantage?
He checked himself. Each of these boys had his own
theory, but not one of them did anything: perhaps it
boiled down to that. That was why all
their ~~talk & conversation~~ talk, — the single word
talk, talk talk; & ~~all it amounted~~
& then they all were trying to get jobs: & when they
got their jobs, & they all wanted jobs, &
they couldn't get jobs: & then they did get jobs.
But not one of them — so far as he knew —
lived differently. It was true that Delia
sweep was not so [illegible] as the [illegible]
~~The~~ So far as he could tell, judging from their
clothes. They were all two thousand pounders.
There were no sweeps, sewer men, seamstresses,
he ~~began~~, amused himself, as he stood, in the town,
by making a list of the trades that began with S.

NYPL

What about a new way of life then? he said to himself. Yesterday they all lived in the same way, & they all dictated to other people how to live. The placard that old Patrick had waved in his hand as he was, he ascertained, a mass meeting at the Albert Hall. Some body got up on the platform & bellowed. He caught up the placard which lay beside him, & read the pencil scrawl that the agitated fingers had written. The pump handle perhaps; the wrinkled old clothes perhaps. & the other: with a voice, tremendous magnified by the megaphone, went surging & echoing & with its strained staggered phrases sent rebels & spirits violent through the ranks so that everybody was jolted with motives & thrills, aglimmer under cold print, that were not an idea or a word that could have fed a sparrow. But such was human nature. There was not a single leader of a single party whom he had not followed. Certainly had to make his creed for himself. Perhaps that was the real gentleman at all times. There moments, when time & the world were no more & only made phrases hung about that the tongue did. Hung limp to catch ape one then. But the odd thing was that in him, as in Eugene, heaven [illegible] of energy, of desire, of humanity, nothing to bind - an alabaster box a pitcher shaped alabaster box ... Like the night sky with the planets. How much nearer the stars were than we are. Like the heart the tom-tom beating: the hymn: a rhythm. He was telling Rowland [illegible] the group of policemen had observed him: a man [illegible] such [illegible] boy: who had the particular accent that meant - was it Harrow? Eton?

NYPL

He had got a letter early. But he did not open it
till some hours later, when Uncle Ned came from
Horley and he ran them to be drawn in to take up-
stairs & take the oath. There were all 'the
Vacuities': the different hands of early at the
moment he did not mean to turn against them.
Schoolboys, Eaton & he told Emily, two years
on the estate that he had to learn something to remember.
And he ran into his uncle Edward, the head of
the baby factory.

"So you're back" said Edward, eyeing him up.
Then he said ask him what he was going to do; &
made him spend a week end at Ascot.
He had aged less than the other uncles, Hugh. His
figure was still clear; & he threw his head back in
the old way. What had he done all that year.
Hugh asked him. Edited Sophocles? was it.
What a mercy for the old boys that Sophocles
needed so much editing. But he was rather
pleased in spite of himself. There was something
orderly & distinguished about Edward: he had the
air of a man, stamped. The shelves of his study had
his integrity. Edited Sophocles under a green shade.
He felt inclined to call him a "Sir". Bobby
made his fingers ache he called Bobby. Then was,
Edward, had kept something of the rich.
He had not spent his life talking to red. Sellers,
or watching the woodcock. He was rather noble.
He felt the difference which the schools throw in the
way of action.

Later said a great clean & how or like
Jack" said Edward. But there was no
great clean. There was a real unity

NYPL

beside Eleanor. Edmund rather slow, rather stiff, & Jesse stood beside him; behind Hepsey, from a feeling of respect.
~~He~~ "I hope you ~~not~~ going to take a decent holiday before you go back again, Edmund said
"I hope so, Ed," said Jesse. "You deserve a holiday" said her brother.
Noble as he was, & rather splendid, there was something to laugh at in some ways.
And Eleanor intervened.
Edward! she exclaimed She knelt beside him
on her knees.
"Eleanor" he replied
why don't you find Jesse a decent job at Oxford!
She said "I don't want him to go back to them
on London parts."
Edmund smiled at Jesse. It was a relief that
that her nerves conversation should be broken up
by this insolence, good hearted, foolish woman.
You'll find that rather a problem I'm afraid
he said I hope you haven't given up Ja-
he had said - for he was not sure what his
nephew had done since the war.. you
Job in Oxford?" he
Yes he has, said Eleanor - this just to live in
Oxford..
Are there many changes there, he began..
Jobs again! Jesse began. Everybody wants a Job..
Edmund Even Under One got jobs in his precious
Jesse men - He stared at the stump of
pedestal - taken other men he had
called them. He wanted to talk about
Jobholders. Edmund talked about Jobs.
I met a man also man a Remembrancer

NYPL

ad more expression" he began. It annoyed him to see Sharon
looking back in his seat: she was highly typical always
about Edmund & his admirers. Moreover he favoured
Even now Edmund was tenderly sympathetic to Hatty.
Ah? he said
I wish you'd put me up to a few tricks. I want to look
up my French" he said "Not that I ever had
much to keep up" he added, lazily busy a
Wheelbarrow again:
Ah you must come & stay with me, Edmund.
We will have a little talk together & read
Montaigne, in the Shannon & peace
& below the waterfall & unbuttoned. Steve
felt upset. Yes, he could see himself
paddling after the Corporal with his lunch & Hatty
beside him at Cape. he could hear the old
Father. the old man. But oh oh, there was
Something 'real': yes; very real, to Edmund, about
Esperanza. It was a thing you couldn't throw
overboard. The pair. what moved
Edmund. Was the right way to live? he
wondered. the wonderful calm. Mean muchness.
Peter Power Power, like what-her-name who
Jane knew, sat for by a working man.
But then Edmund had power & knew.
More than 2, was a war, & a big time home:
To be, not tragedy & disembodied matter, he
Wept. Who was it who had been sorry
that the new way of life And was with Shane
among. legend & fixed sum — a fixed sum that
Spearman "boy": & this sum, a woman,
he kept, (but he was talking about
the chaps at Oxford, & the career of
Ambassador at the Cape — & that

NYPL

a good many (such) have right to be: yes: about complete;
may ask the proportion: for both the ~~colonies~~ [illegible] for is also a
scholar when you're also a doctor: but how will
they do away with the Chairs! Edward, and
when you've got £2,000 a year & a big house
manner, under a big panelled drawing room,
all covering with creepers, & parlour for
babies—) both, Peggy had left by
Sandra in the way, something that turn.
He had already rather gassed her
as Scandalous. with Arbuthnot. He felt slant.
He had a sudden impulse to ask him what
then would he make up in the trouble to take
with him on the journey, but he was too
with grooms, black, white, brushed up. a
then crackle & ice overlaid him:
Queenie would have to assuage him in a
room bowing an padded feet. The
~~and he~~ ~~London~~ something had forgot, had been
Static. ~~two thousand~~ He repeated
something; was a funeral way. Two thousand a
year a very fine home & office agent good
for the rest he hoped. He was not exactly
a distinguished person. He had had
a strong bias in favour of two thousand a year &
a very fine home — the windows shaded, he
remembered, the windows of the big room when
they saw parlour, with creepers:
He was talking, all the time he was
as very ~~important~~ question about african politics.
And his mind was sliding rather vaguely
along lines laid down already; who went who had
read that the way of life, the new way, was
a loved term: yes: to sough to guarantee being; &
I was to complete: & to mix up, the confusion:

left hand
that he
worked on
in pencil.

NYPL

not to have a proper: how thick; not for about her
which when we were a dark; a dark when for
were a mere — he was fetch of way. But they
all died away with knocked dangerfield well
provided old men like Edward. He ~~bothered~~.
Mrs Peggy who had reddened blazed up
Lathed, as she mouth were fish gobbles - He
smiled. There was ~~complete~~ silence:
Was a pleasant silence. He had no work to do
away with Edward at the moment or with
Bobby for the make that a week Shame.
They all not silent, ~~fish of~~ a loaded
occupied ~~for~~ silence, rich in the future & all the
Love. Now they were contemplation, Mummy
rotten in the sea - those were the words.
old They were old people who had hastened my
Brother Listen; knot together by love & fresh &
old odds, knots; now hastening the sea. He
Upset with Sunny shine rich heavenly days,
Sunny ~~up~~ ~~down~~ the hastening about the Shelland
Cowards. Love seemed to have spread &
protected as compared with them love:
but them he them, Peggy & Lucy, there were
the excitement, the adventure, the experience.
a new way explore for, that theft whatever
found in the old, but cared not the rotten. The
Fellowmen. a life of men imagination
breath, centuries over the past; but
by a tremendous effort they the present
out - a new form; freed from old fetters
mine closely modelled upon the pot. The
Young - whereon carved are cast the
Young up in the mind of every ready to
new ~~was~~ hand tomorrow difficult-

NYPL

combination - so that the old flowered cyani in bunch
in his daily life; intri round hats, in many
markings, in location, but much more deeply
much more intimately. ~~The~~ Young poor a
personal relation: he husband (wives; mother
children: he hyper in wardy & brother devil
take the outward form.
A Gallatin had noticed him, kept he sat
quite lovely, naturally in a thick, ~~a~~ holding a
~~bop of~~ flan of some yellow drink that he had
poured away as a rendezvous bottle. Little
pebbles lapped from the bottom & the big
then a tremendously influential reference he
used to hurl: - & (as as) can make them
by other humans attended: do not - 'mythical'
absurd defined as heard (more & be be
whole heard, the dread being: d
imagine called hung only a, in another sun,
very evidently: heavy as) degree: thing of
Some a due sense the absolutely & all
human by: than deficiency: both at the same
time dwelling what enters ~~what~~ whence we all
upon only that is 'mythical': that) wisdom
reduce to words give syllable. I shared
catch hidden truth: there are no words in.
And why not down barriers & make me g
other peoples ideas upon ?, why not humanely?
be free not only of culture but
~~can that what~~ that to be cultivated,
the seem also can love in that sense,
which be keeps - but ~~to~~ understand - the
problem, bothers of pope Pangle. he.
Christianity means. I word in which
anyone was the same ~~and~~ be unbroken.
But there is a bitterness, unduly defence,

NYPL

a power of understanding that we don't call such.
In short Edward Lupin was one, that we say the
order of Mercat. Which was, that the many was
often distinguished. For this: the reference is
to create a new people in the human
consciousness: just understood. That is
the only sure gift we can make.
I was wanting to ask you — the boy of the Common
man who boys in meat after that has
he; a dumb boy: he; hand his
You shall ask right, said Jorge: that's the
human voice at its natural breaking level.
So in Steam. Then they shouted round him
deliciously right, warm, wholesome.
What his age — Edward asked:
And that's the right time too, Jorge answered.
It only when they become powerful hunky
fingers take each other on that one becomes
Carapaced, carapaced: I mean, barbarous:
The hard shell was all him when he talked like
that. There was no falsehood no pose at the moment.
Fundamentally we're all right, he said to himself:
before we grow carapaces, the correct pose.

NYPL

1934
Sept 23rd

The most fruitful thoughts in all ages — the core, the kernel.. In Youth or boyhood years: Yes but then; the
had a feeling that something wanted to be set free.
The device to create were a hand spraying fountain.
Eh — why should it always take the form of did-
heads? why should he/we become a ladder out of
puffle? Yes I must go because I have an
appointment. Puffle, wabbly piffle. In
Reads a lamp shades. "Yes, I must go. Yes I
must catch my train. I have an appointment
to mourn at 10." The words seemed familiar
He was in the state when words let in.
whatever a teen a toad becomes part of the
argument. What man would keep his appointments
but for what good? In no reason: heading out
the old round; turned down the word by
Cancels: how easy for a man to slip into the rut
& follow it: the hammered road; the
glittering prize; the obituary notice; the
round; the gradual anaesthetic; the
deadening pulling; always striving for something
not worth it; & then sinking under the weight of
Custom, under the flutter & the pizzi;
& the flags men set them hearts upon:
hoarse & servants; & the fetters they
lay & themselves: & the minute particles
of dust they accumulate so zealously
in heaps the heap; & spread them both
pop jam: And of what flighty rad was true,
he wasn't was bound to do the rain.
My ankle, my toothcaps, my lung — as someone said
But then she wasn't many, he must have
merely. Walt hacked down to thirst. And
man is a weak animal. And as members of
Lets us then turn to
Events. us now ...

NYPL

understand other people .. as a preliminary. As a
possible contribution to another way of life: The
mind: then secondarily: only as all the muscles
act the other way - grasp, not expand - even making
the love of a new born child grasp: And
And the other way needed such remembered
reliable & courage & endurance: what they called
down in the valley down: Christianity also;
the young man who had that possession:
to be Dream in an ante Dream state: when the
Current the Dream makes there, to block it:
when all men are grasping the possession to them,
to remain simply handed: to die into
Valhalla Bride & there among a big crew:
That would need, never had space to be,
but a courage, an endurance that met
the Dream power: a for what reason was
society rewarded with heavy degree - why
do you inherit a Kingdom when you play;
worst after declaration - As how Valley Jr
have all been to your test, he addressed his
Uncle: & then came the war. And so I
fought in the war. And by like the rest, a
as turned as a hero, as docile as a thing:
a follower of Capital leaders, a to that I'm
Quite dethroned by what other way was the.
what had Reason meant!

~~Ladies Gentlemen~~,
He Unfolded his position:
"
Ladies & Gentlemen ...

NYPL

~~It seemed as if~~ Nicholas, whom Peggy called Brown, because his name had so many z's in it, seemed to be about to make a speech. Only he did not stand up; he was ~~sitting at the~~ a table, leaning his elbows on a table; & he looked very serious & at the same time excited, as if he had more discharging a duty than Ladies & Gentlemen, he declared; & it was not right that we should thank ..."

"Speeches?" said Edward, glaring crossly, turning on his chair to look at him.

Our hearts are full & ~~thankful~~, Nicholas began again..

~~But why make a speech about it!~~"

But nobody heard him. They were laughing about. Edward. He was smiled, & began beating a clumsy flam, thumping over Catherine & the flowers. Then a handsome accompaniment "said

tune. Peggy ~~crossed over to~~ to the ~~window sash~~.

"I don't see what you want to make a speech for" said Maggie. He was at the head the table. She ~~was not~~ had collected all the rose round her, & was putting them into a salad bowl.

Water, she said. George, go & get a jug of water.

But our hearts are full of gratitude & said Nicholas, as she pulled the bowl.

"What for?" Rose asked suddenly.

What are you talking about? & what do I hear you begin to make a speech? Why don't you do it? I love hearing speeches, & they spared me."

NYPL

the Head there with her hands behind her back,
in a military attitude, as though she were leading
an Expedition.

"Parapets of Parapetine Horse" said Bobby,
tearing her. "But she really like the pictures of
Great Grandpapa!"

"I'm proud yet" said Rose.

"I'm proud your family, proud you lovely
proud as, —"

you are," Bobby interrupted.

Well I'd a deal rather be a woman
than a man, nowadays" said Rose.

Please, Rose don't fight "Eleanor pleaded,
seeing round her chair so as to join
them. "You always forget,
Even now I can remember, she explained.
And I always get the blame for it" said
Rose. It was Bobby who broke Mrs
Pym's green horse ... "Own up, Bobby.
It was you who threw the stone ..."

You dared me" said Bobby. "It was a
horrid little jug" he added. She wore
her hair scraped off her forehead; she had
two long pigtails that hung down behind.

"You were both detestable" said Delia,
Chattering. "Yes. Our home life was made —
Intolerable by you. I can still see Papa
Just trembling with a fear a com —
And the dagger that ran with blood in
the dining room" said Rose.

NYPL

And papa's knuckles" said Delia. The shuddered
negatively Oh she said recklessly when I have la-
pent about Paddington Terrace, I always like the man to drive
the other way. I can't bear to think of Albert Terrace.
But weren't you nicely brought up young ladies!"
said Bobby.

"Oh even Hell" said Delia. Oh stewn all my
work for you Edward, she added. You went to
College. We stayed at home."
Oh Delia always makes out that Albert Terrace
was rather worse than the Black hole of Calcutta"
said Bobby.

There were black beetles, "only one bath" said Cleaver.
Poor dear Crosby" said Bobby. "Poor dear
boy [illegible] has been [illegible] the last
boy [illegible] spring" said Molly. "but this
holds new Her mind went to me!"
were we were just as badly off as you
were" said Bobby. I hated my school!"
I hated the army too" he added.
Oh but you were a born sailor." said Kelly
Lasswade, joining them. "An accustoming man.
But I say we are
Now Ladies, Gentlemen! The rat-tat-tat
again! He thumped on the table with a terrific
Do you want to make a thunder!" said Lass
Lasswade. He clutched like a foreigner:
They did like making thunder.
"Yes I do" he said "We showed all you
make a thunder... We thunder all night.
Thank you heartily..."
"Yours thankfully" said Delia

NYPL

I don't want to be thanked.
Ah that is not the speech" said Nicholas. "It is
we who want to thank you ... Our hearts
are full of gratitude ...
What for!" said Rey.
Of gratitude" Nicholas explained
Rey says what for?" said Maggie. "My heart has"
But her eyes. Then. Exclaimed. "My heart has"
My heart is full of gratitude, & I'll make a
Speech. I'll thank the room. The room where
You sat round a table: the great fighting
humanity: — I came here" said to Maggie,
My eyes are full of tears. The mouth of
humanity, despite the dessert. And rather
free in expression. Then clapping her hands to be
seen, Rue said Ride On.
Purple & Purpler here said Ruby
Yes that's true, said Kitty. There was a
wrong. But Rue always had the courage of the
American. Rose suffered for her love. Rose
went to prison" — I drank to Rue."
She raised her glass.
My dear baby said Rue, But what's the use yet ...
We replied. What's Come & it. "
Rhoda for the new Jerusalem to appear said
Kitty
I said Rue. Maybe
They don't come a step
forgotten what we did. for them. They'd
We were thinking of Peggy. Haunt the Peggy.
Nor she arrived.
Forgotten! said Peggy. Oh —, baby, what's
Forgotten! said Peggy.

NYPL

Oh dear, she sighed to herself as
she walked along beside the sea.
She looked about her, as if wishing for some one
to speak to. But there were
very few people. How — how grey, how obscure, how
beautiful! the night. Her knee felt her a
stranger. To them she must seem what she was
a foreigner. And yet she felt young;
she felt full of inherent vitality. So did
Chanu. Such, she said.
I don't want to be a beautiful "sad" Delia
She was talking about the heatwave.
& the Blackheath. I dare I was difficult, when
I was a girl. But what I felt is —
here a world in which one can't be loved,
one can't be known, one can't be happy?
No I don't feel I'm a member of this world.
I feel my I don't belong yet, in our parents' day.
Chanu said Edmund.
Such what I felt, "said Peggy.
at the gratitude. you don't realise what a —
such, such love... how a world in which ...

Peggy
looked up
at Chanu
but I saw...
I mean, as
up to
him before

Edmund kept his eyes upon her. He said
intimately, tender; a rather always, a degree of.
why can't he become in Edmund? said Mary:

the.

I am very grateful said
But I am grateful ... such as we
agree with Mary. How do I know it:
by my realise how in the whole he
heart. My heart — the life as
agree — vibrate: became I have been

NYPL

accepted. Mama would be glad
again at home... Go. Shut the door
I shall say it. I cannot keep them locked
longer. I must learn to say them. I will
say them. I am prepared patiently to
the humiliating yoke. My heart
who have come with me. helpless in
ogle by their Savior, by their
apparent disapproval: them more than
other: for the love who has kept
alive and heart the light the-
Spirit... which... I am
And the home, as they say, I added)
fastened in the hen. Fe whacked)
Read of the daughter! My name.
My words. The words for the
Reverend Sir - for the peaceable Glen.
The hen, Ladies, Gentlemen, ha.
shelled the fighter the helpless. A
has been the same all that
what an human nature... the
room the hen. I drink to them!"
And now Master speaks. a word then.
The th Glen, Ladies, Gentlemen.
Master was silent. She was not
attending. The was looking the rose in words..
She red the golden the room that was as
lighted with the lamplight Queen Victoria.
Oh dear - the sun - what can be

NYPL

So a bubble, so a baby.
Ay. I am weaker than she" he said
I'll make myself think both, said the
Then a hymn to beauty. Only not to
beauty as we know it: to the
Goddess Beyond that has no
Common joys: has neither a old
body burden of the flesh with its
greasy pots: all that
like has been pared, but keep
Love — that's the eyes of love — made ...
Is that right Stephen?
~~I don't see why Shakespeare~~ do
would used. The said. What can
~~you want~~ to ... ~~Love~~
What do you mean Love?
~~I don't like~~ ~~the~~ vague ~~softness~~, said
Reny. Spend 'love'.
~~Do~~ like Spend 'love' — said Reny.
Eyes said Ben.
I don't like them" he said. Much ah.
Reny Shook" said Shem
~~Had~~ ~~Have~~ the disappointed under by
Core the Cube.
Eleanor wanted to argue with him: she
wanted to make him say,
~~Ann~~ But he smoked. Have a cigar
he said No, no love talk. she

NYPL

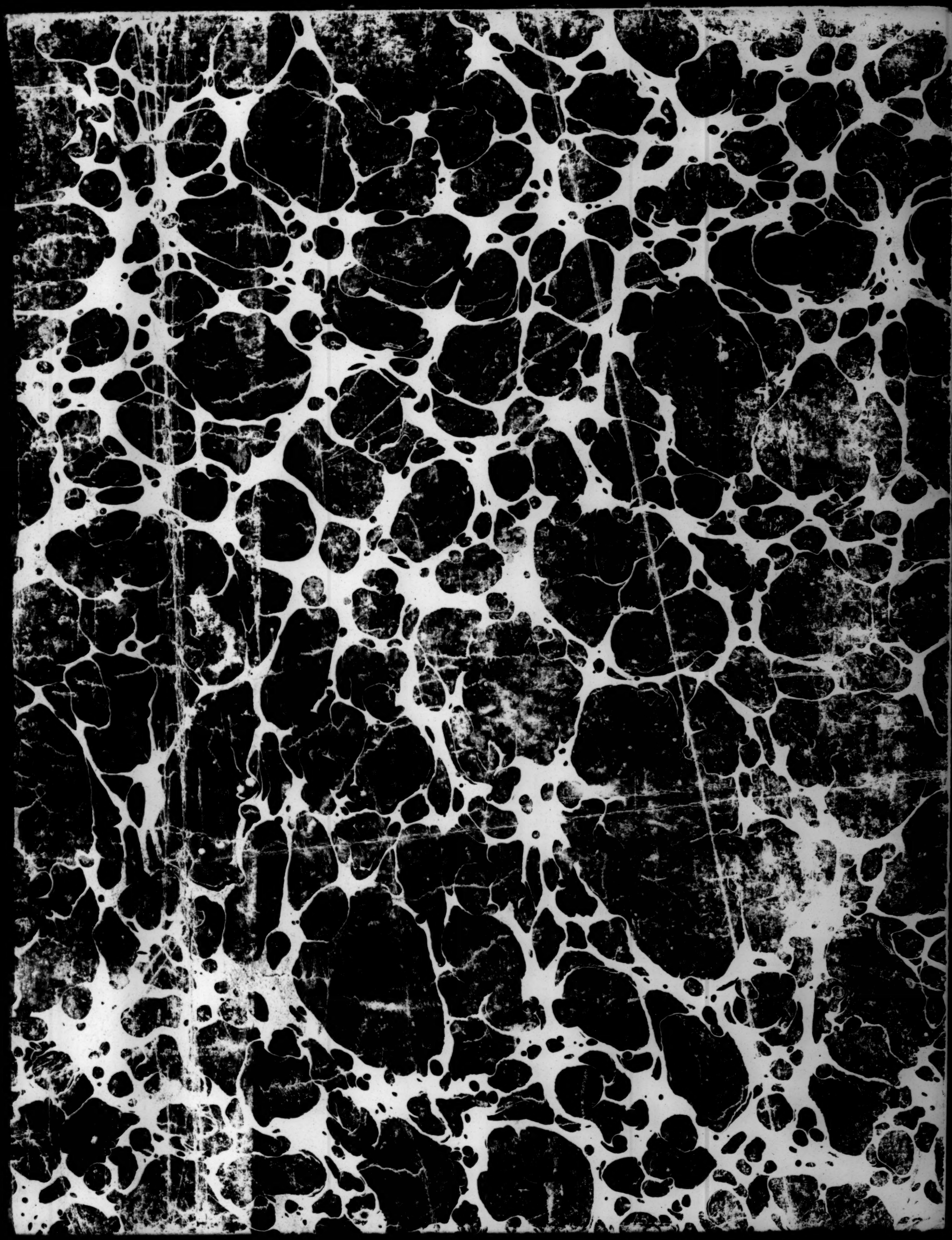
"Good Evening" he replied,
Now then she looked. Kelly Regan. ~~Eugenie~~
~~daughter~~ Digby daughter - Digby had married,
She tried to recall the name - a foreigner: a
Yes. She could remember but who was her
mother? She tried to remember. A foreigner. She
thought.
I wanted to ask you." he began,
Edward Kent glanced he. But there was
people between them.
"Yes? he asked" Come and see me"
~~Will you like," he said.~~ "She replied.
~~Nine o'clock~~
No too too."
~~How? = he queried~~ The hunted look up
~~Come here," said~~
word & knelt at her feet. You know that
Queer heart - yes. Yeah,
explain me to whom thanks for reply?"
explain
She drawled.
The night I fell like a girl into
Love ya did long ha ann out; my
happy. And that's true. I felt
Exhilarating happy. She looked beyond
her. Light was beyond to the theatre
lights were beyond to sail. There was
a queer flattery, whirling in the room.
A pallor had stolen into the tawny
Glow was, Finally on her face, her head
looked that just looked a little
Crumpled. Tales about purely hurt blood

NYPL

he was saying: what about Ophelia? & what
about Jack. What about Judy! &
he cried, about like a child who had lost
his toy.
Yes Edmund, said Mrs; She came and
the table. She gave me the strangest ...
you remember it I said it."
Edmund frowned ... like a bad
imitation of Mrs. "I said Edmund. The truth is
I've always been a very
shy person, I was never at ease
with a stranger & how can
oh dear me, I'm not the woman she
I — well: but like Enoch Arden
Tennyson. Go- But I've always
had a certain reluctance; only that
certain moment: probably we've all
had them — well, my love)
connect them with poetry: the touch of
pantomime:
Ladies & gentlemen, said Isabella.
Mrs said it was the most
lovely of them.

~~Well, I don't~~
But ~~Jacob, said Bo~~
And I — ~~Isabella~~ unloaded her
simple depth, said Shelley, with calm.
~~Yes~~. a fact: a bread." She frowned.
~~And~~, Isabella's lovely, simple & wicked
the only."

My dear boy
I was a
father.

NYPL

And yes! said Peggy. She ~~would~~ had he had
on the blue boys an.
a suit had joined them. They were almost
Children
Delia was telling a great game about the Hills.
who they were nobody could know.
The youngest of all the Jim cats is named
Bobby.
They were probably white
~~but~~ who are they! ~~nobody~~ Peggy asked in
an undertone.
Delia made no reply.
~~look~~ I shall add in my account,
There were also present.
2 Dennis boys.
25th Sept
1934